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Folly Forbidden

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Paris Nights

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VOLUME XI

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NUMBER 12

Horse and Buggy Days Are Gone!

¶ People used to spend weeks to make a trip, by horse and buggy, that can be made in a few hours nowadays. They did it because they had to. But life has speeded up. The five-year courtship, like the horse and buggy, is a thing that went out when automobiles came in. Today, you meet—and you live. You don't spend your lifetime making up your mind. You don't totter down the aisle, aged and gray, and then die of old age and shock within a week. You meet your ideal—and you live, spending the rest of your life in good, healthy scraps—or in Reno—perhaps in Paris.

¶ Nobody—not even bedridden old men and women, or younger ones with ingrowing libidoes—wants to go back to horse-and-buggy days. They don't even want to read about those days, except in the comic strips. That's why

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ACTION! THRILLS!

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¶ That's why you should arrange with your dealer to reserve a copy of the next issue. If you don't, the chances are ten to one you will not be able to get it.

ZIPPY MAGAZINE

On all news stands once a month. 25c a copy, and worth it!

Parisian Paragraphs

Customer: "I'd like something warm to take out."

Waitress: "Stick around, I don't get off till ten o'clock."

Some folks are without principle yet seem to draw quite a little interest.

◆ ◆ ◆

The best way for a girl to keep men away from her is to chase them.

◆ ◆ ◆

A girl isn't necessarily talking to a fast motorist when she tells him to go slow.

◆ ◆ ◆

When a fellow is allowed to put one arm around a girl he knows he has a free hand.

◆ ◆ ◆

It's no wonder that family men have a nutty look. Think how often they have to shell out.

◆ ◆ ◆

The hen was talking to a chicken as their owner passed by. "That's the guy I'm laying for."

◆ ◆ ◆

Man never realizes how weak he is until he tries to quit smoking or meets a pretty book agent.

◆ ◆ ◆

Just because a fellow runs down a fire escape is no sign he has any fault to find with the owner.

◆ ◆ ◆

When a man makes a mistake he likes to rub it out, but when a woman makes a mistake he likes to rub it in.

The Tides of Love

What won't some women do for the chance to claim the plaudits of the crowd?

By AUBREY BEAUPRE

Bill watched the graceful dancer do her stuff

FROM his seat in the box section, Bill Palmer's avid eyes watched the graceful semi-nude body of the dancer as she moved through the intricate and diverse rhythms of her number. Clasped firmly in Bill's hand was a note that had been paced there not five minutes ago. It read:

At the Cafe du Chien Rouge then, monsieur. JULIE.

Bill was in such a state of anticipation that he could hardly wait for the finale of the performance, for the hour of his rendezvous to arrive. As one may guess, it was with none other than the dancer, Mademoiselle Julie, who was the talk of all Montmartre.

Oh, Bill had heard plenty about her! He had been told that playing with dynamite was conservative, compared to falling for Julie. But Bill Palmer, being a headstrong young man from New York, knew what he wanted; and in this particular case it was Julie! As his gaze remained steadfastly on her swift moving figure, he was quite certain that the privilege of a few sweet hours in her arms would well be worth the risk of a man's life.

He'd been at the theatre every night for a week; he'd sent her note after note and flowers galore. The reply he now held in his hand was her first sign of recognition, and the fact that he had managed to burst through the wall of privacy surrounding Julie was doubly intoxicating to Bill.

For all Paris knew that Julie was ever guarded by the eagle eye of her manager, a Monsieur Bourgon, a man who outdid the legendary Svengali in his watchfulness. M. Bourgon allowed none but himself to have a minute with his charge. His eyes, too, never left her as he directed the orchestra in this special number. M. Bourgon, even as Svengali, seemed to hold the dancer in a sort of hypnotic state, so responsive was she to his slightest gesture.

After the performance, rumor had it, M. Bourgon locked Julie in her room for the night. The gossips were uncertain as to whether he was her lover or simply a tyrant who held such absolute control over her.

Is it any wonder, then, that Bill's heart was beating at an insane rate? By bribery, by subterfuge, by sheer persistence, he had gotten his note to Julie and had received her response; an answer that seemed to indicate she, too, might be pleased to break down a few barriers.

As she moved across the semi-darkness of the stage, she seemed to be the essence of paganism come to life, an elusive eerie sprite in the soft blue light that played over her glowing and vibrant body.

The famous dance of the veils was

Bill had heard plenty about her—like playing with dynamite

drawing to its climax. Already Julie had discarded all but one. This, held loosely about her hips, left the rest of her quite unclothed.

Julie's flexible torso and hips were those of a goddess. Her slender legs were the living poetry of motion, of allure that was too subtle, too intriguing to be brazen.

With the crescendo of the music, the dance became more frenzied in tempo, till at last, in one final impassioned gesture, Julie ended the dance, and sank slowly to the floor as the curtain fell on a thunderous round of applause.

Bill's applause was brief. He pushed and shoved his way through the exit, secured a cab and directed the driver to take him to the Cafe du Chien Rogue. Jolting and bouncing through a dark and sinister section of the city, Bill smoked cigarette after cigarette. A rendezvous with Julie! Many a man would have paid a fortune to secure it; is it any wonder that Bill was so impatient, so nervous? He hoped to heaven that she'd be clever enough to escape M. Bourgon's eye this one night. The taxi lurched to a halt before the dimly lighted front of a cellar cafe, distinguishable by the statue of a dog, painted red, which stood at the curb. Thrusting a bill at the driver, Bill plunged boldly down the rickety steps and ventured inside.

The manager bowed respectfully and spoke to Bill in English.

"You are the gentleman who waits for Mademoiselle Julie?" he inquired.

Bill nodded. What an intriguing devil the woman was! She had made the arrangements previously. He followed the manager to a rather secluded corner table.

"When Mademoiselle arrives, I will show her here immediately," he said, accepting Bill's tip. "Will m'sieu order now?"

"Yes. Some cognac," Bill decided. The way he felt, he needed plenty of stimulants!

Glancing about, he was sure that no American ever visited this place. It was filled with Parisians, evidently from several different strata of society. There were some in faultless evening dress, some in the gaudy rags of the Apache, others in the degrees between. All in all, a motley crowd and one that paid Bill not the least bit of attention. Above the subdued hum of conversation, a girl was singing to the accompaniment of a piano.

Bill took a sip of the excellent cognac and immediately felt a most pleasant glow. He was ready for anything that the night might offer—and he was sure that would be something!

The small bottle of cognac was almost gone when Julie finally arrived. She came in quietly but no less dramatically. Bill had looked up from his glass to see her ermine coated figure pause for an instant in the doorway. Their eyes met and a smile of recognition touched her lips as she came toward him.

Monsieur has been waiting?" she asked.

"Never too long—for you," Bill smiled back at her. He made a move to take her cloak from her shoulders, but she shook her head.

"Mais non, s'il vous plait. It is a little cold. Will you order for me? I have worked hard and I am a little tired."

"You were marvelous tonight!" Bill complimented her. "But then, you always are."

"Monsieur is fond of the dance?"

"You might guess that. I've been there every night for a week."

Julie sighed: "For me it is every night in the year; but forgive me if I complain. Not everyone can be a dancer."

"There's no one in the world who can dance as you do."

"You are very lavish," Julie said modestly. "Why do you waste all of that on me? Surely you are able to have many women admire you—love you, perhaps."

"Women? Tonight, I want but one," Bill said fervently. "If it wasn't for that damned manager of yours—"

"Poof!" Julie interrupted, "What is a mere manager to an impetuous Americaine? I do not like Monsieur Bourgon so well myself; but I am grateful to him. He has made me the premiere danseuse of all Paris."

Bill took one of her white hands in his own.

"Surely he has no right to keep you from life itself, just because of that?"

It was said that M. Bourgon locked her in her room at night

"A man does not always stay within his right," Julie replied vaguely. "But tonight, I have managed to be free—let us talk of something else. I shall eat, drink, and be gay. You, too, monsieur!"

As she bent over her plate, her cloak fell slightly apart to allow Bill a fascinating glimpse of the voluptuous curves. Why the deuce couldn't she take her coat off? The last time he'd seen her—well, this was from one extreme to the other.

For perhaps half an hour they supped in a silence punctuated only by casual conversation. Beneath her tranquil exterior, Julie seemed nervous and distraught. At length, she impatiently snuffed out her cigarette and inquired of Bill:

"Is there not some other place we can go, m'sieu? I am fearful that M. Bourgon will find me. If he should—." The unfinished sentence gave Bill an altogether too-clear picture of M. Bourgon's wrath.

"I have a suite at the Ritz," he suggested. "Bourgon will never find us there."

"Bien!" cried Julie, "Let us go at once!"

She arose and went quickly out of the cafe. Bill assisted her into a cab and they were on their way. He took advantage of the fact that the street was extremely rough to place a protecting arm about Julie's shoulders. A lurch of the cab sent her deliciously close to him, so close that her lips brushed his own—and remained there in a kiss that was as thrilling as it was sudden.

"I'm mad about you, Julie," Bill murmured.

"I have never had a chance to fall in love," Julie whispered. "Does it take much—much experience?"

"You were born with it!" he said firmly, and embracing her again. "Tonight you are mine! You belong to me!"

Julie smiled mysteriously. "Would monsieur think I was brazen if I said he might be correct?"

Bill could hardly wait until they arrived at his suite. Entering the sump-

tiously appointed rooms, Julie gave a little cry of delight.

"How heavenly! I have never been in a place like this!"

"Like it, eh? Let me have your coat and then I'll mix a drink."

But again as he sought to take her cloak she refused.

"Mais, non, m'sieu. After I leave the theatre I rarely remove my cloak; at least until I am ready for bed. It is a whim of mine," she explained.

Bill shrugged his shoulders and set about mixing a couple of Martinis. As he was adding the vermouth, he suddenly guessed the reason for Julie's refusal to remove her cloak. His hand stopped in mid-air. In her haste to get away from M. Bourgon, Julie had not taken time to dress. Beneath her coat, Bill was sure that she was on the stage.

The very thought of it made his hands tremble, but he did manage to get the drinks mixed. He sat down beside her on the divan.

"A bit later on, would you dance for me?" he suggested hesitantly.

"There is no music."

"When you dance, there is no need for music," Bill argued.

Julie arose and went to the window that overlooked the million myriad lights of the romantic city below. "I have never danced for anyone but M. Bourgon," she said, after a moment.

"I'd give anything in the world to have you dance for me," said Bill, and he meant it.

"You have given me so much already. Perhaps this one night I can remember with pleasure. Someone has admired me, someone has made love to me—" She turned about swiftly. "Very well, Monsieur l'Americaine, for you and you alone shall I dance! But," she added softly, "dim the lights. I am already in my costume."

Bill switched off all the lamps, and the room was illuminated only by the silvery glow of moonlight streaming through the windows. Entranced, he watched her fling aside her coat to swiftly plunge into the ecstasy of her art. It seemed to Bill that it lasted but a moment; in reality it was much longer. Finally, she sank on the divan, exhausted, her body throbbing with emotion. With an ardor that could no longer be held in check, Bill embraced her, rained kisses on her lips.

He had her in his arms and was carrying her to the other room when an insistent rap on the door made him stop, uncertain as to what he should do.

A voice from outside gave him no choice.

"Monsieur! You are under arrest. Open at once!"

Julie stifled a scream.

"M. Bourgon!" she gasped. "Mon Dieu!"

"Go into the bedroom," Bill commanded her abruptly. "I'll handle him."

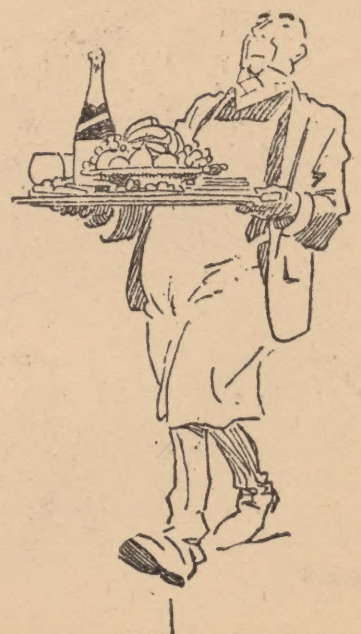
He flung open the door, faced the intruder.

"What the devil do you want?" he muttered angrily.

There were two men in the hall; one whom Bill surmised was M. Bourgon, another whom Bill took to be a gendarme.

M. Bourgon's mustache bristled angrily.

"You will ruin my little Julie for me, eh?" he sputtered. The Bastille shall claim you, scoundrel!"



He ordered for her

"Pipe down!" Bill shouted. "For two-bits I'd knock you down myself! What right have you got to come busting in here?"

"What right?" Bourgon stammered hoarsely. "Mon Dieu!"

"If you gentlemen will step aside," a cool feminine voice interrupted, "I think I have a right to enter."

Bill glanced up. What he saw made him stagger back in amazement.

"My God!" he said weakly.

"Your wife," the woman finished.

She had come down the hall completely unnoticed in the hubbub.

"No doubt you thought I had gone to Le Touquet," she said acidly to Bill, "so you decided to play around a bit. Come, Alphonse! Alphonse is my detective," she explained. "And he's had quite a bit of sleuthing to do tonight!"

Bill was too aghast at the whole procedure to say a word. He meekly admitted them all to the apartment. He did note, however, that M. Bourgon's attitude had undergone a complete change since the arrival of Mrs. Palmer. The mustached gentleman was instantly at her side, helping her into a chair, offering a cigarette and all the while smiling politely upon her.

While he waited for the storm to break, Bill wondered just what would actually happen when they found Julie in the bedroom. Strangely enough, there was no storm. Mrs. Palmer inhaled leisurely from her cigarette and spoke first.

"I think this whole disgraceful affair can be settled very nicely," she said pleasantly. "On one condition."

"What's that?" Bill asked, expecting the worst.

"That you leave M. Bourgon and I alone for perhaps fifteen minutes. The other gentlemen may go. Here is your fee, Alphonse; you have done nobly." She handed her detective a bill, then turned back to her husband. "Would you mind waiting in the bedroom a little bit?"

"Er, no; not at all!" Bill agreed, and without more ado, he adjourned to a much more private rendezvous with Julie than he had ever thought possible.

In the darkness he found her waiting for him. She snuggled closely in his arms while he explained what had taken place.

"Do you mind waiting here?" he finished.

"Ah, m'sieu," she whispered in his ear, "till you came, I was frightened. Now, I do not care if it is hours!" With a fervor that equalled his own, she submitted to Bill's caresses.

It was much longer than fifteen minutes when Bill realized that he must return to his wife—before she should come in there.

"I've got to have this out with her," he said to Julie, then added, "but stay where you are. I'll be back!"

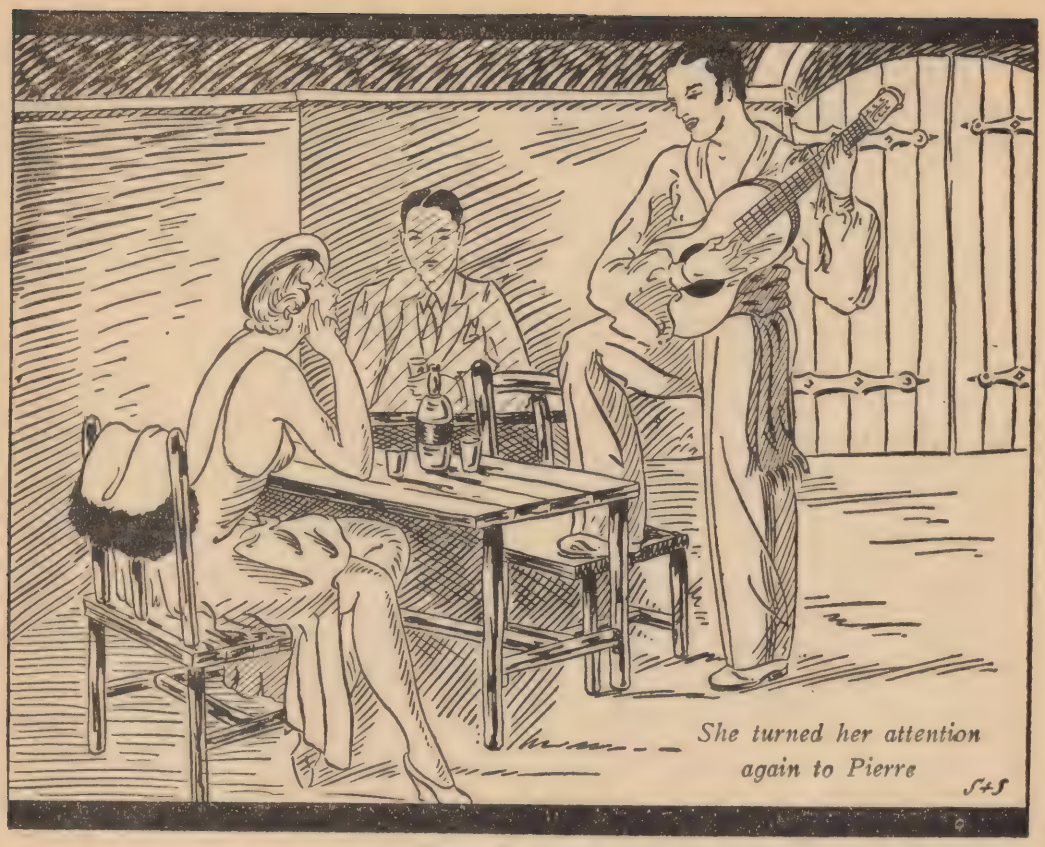
He opened the door and went back to the drawing room. It was empty! Propped up against an empty highball glass was a note addressed to him in his wife's handwriting. Bill picked it up, read it; re-read it several times before the words finally penetrated his benumbed mind. He read:

Dear Bill: All's well that ends well! I've always had a yen to be a dancer, and despite what you may think, I haven't entirely lost the feminine powers of persuasion. Mme. Julie is free; you are free! For this time I've really gone to Le Touquet—with M. Bourgon!

CORLISS.

Bill let the note flutter to the floor. His wife had left him! He made a move toward the door, then smiled to himself. Why chase after a wife when there was such a delightful morsel of femininity right at hand?

"Julie!" he cried out, and forthwith rushed back to the bedroom!



She turned her attention again to Pierre

Pierre's Apartment

What Elizabeth found there was not what she had left her home in the States to find—or was it?

By ANTHON D'AUREL

ELIZABETH METCALF had just arrived in Paris from—but wait, it would hardly be sporting to reveal the name of Elizabeth's home town in the States, because she has returned there—bringing him with her.

Elizabeth's background—her cultural background, that is—was about the same as that of any other small-town high school teacher. She taught French, in which she had specialized at the State Normal School. She taught French because she liked to read French herself. While her classroom pronunciation of the Gallic tongue may have sounded queer to a genuine Frenchman, there was that in her nature which accorded perfectly with the French viewpoint on life. She revealed in the Parisian magazines which she surreptitiously obtained at the express office, and which she read just as surreptitiously in her room at Mrs. Brandon's house.

A small-town teacher seldom gets as far away from home as Paris without a great deal of self-denial and forethought. Nor does she cross the Atlantic merely to see the historic palaces and the gloriously beautiful streets. She goes, usually, with the idea of getting a thrill. A thrill to remember and treasure, half guiltily, as long as she lives.

Elizabeth Metcalf had in her heart an unquenchable thirst for a thrill to re-

member, half guiltily, after she returned to the humdrum duties of a small-town schoolroom.

Just how she would obtain this thrill was a problem over which she had long puzzled her pretty head. Many a night she had disrobed, a bit at a time, lingeringly scanning each successive revelation of the charms which village conventions forced her to conceal by day beneath conventional attire. Night after night, she inhaled deeply the sensuous odor from her small flagonette of twenty-dollar Parisian perfume, never daring to dab it on the sacrificial garments which placed her, in the eyes of the school trustees, beyond reproach.

Only her mirror—one of those things with a wave in the lead foil on its back—shared with her the exquisite perfection of her natural beauty. Her hair, bobbed of course, was yet long enough to frame a face that would attract any man—if any man had even taken the trouble to look beyond the drab skirt and blouse that custom compelled her to wear. Her slim neck sloped gently into perfect shoulders and chest, and these rose above a flawles back and breasts whose perfect symmetry could not be rendered entirely unattractive even by the distorting mirror.

"My hour is short, let's waste none of it"

Naturally, Elizabeth knew that it was to be in demand. But her fellow teachers—the males among them, of course—were stolid fellows, who spring from the soil, were more like prosaic cabbages than romantic, interest deserving men. Elizabeth knew that she could never tolerate a single one of them to placidly possess her wondrous charms . . . at least, not until she had first lavished those charms upon someone inherently qualified to appreciate them, to worship them for what they were.

Humming a little French tune beneath her breath, just to give her courage, Elizabeth Metcalf stripped off the hateful home-town garments which she had worn thus far on her adventure, and then luxuriously treated herself to a bath, into which she had dumped just the right quantity of subtly scented crystals.

Rubbing herself until her white skin glowed with the undertone of warm and pulsing health, she dressed slowly, from the skin out, in garments in the purchase of which her Gallic instincts had been her guide. Lacy black step-ins, lacy black brassiere, a pink slip and a girdle that gave her body support without destroying its grace—and covering these, a dress of fetching design and a colored patterning that could not fail to intrigue those lucky enough to see it.

A perky hat and a white, furry cloak, from beneath which her graceful ankles in lustrous hose made a link with her tiny, shiny, high-heeled shoes—these completed the costume in which Elizabeth made ready to go questing for the summation of her years-long dream.

Leaving the hotel, she sauntered idly along the Boulevard, past the cafes and the outdoor oases, seeking all the while a fit setting for the commencement of her adventure.

As she had foreseen, many men turned

to look upon her as she lilted past, but intuitively she felt that none of them would measure up to her requirements. She passed by the larger places, the brighter ones and came at last to a little cross street. Hesitating on the sidewalk while a tangle of traffic cleared, her gaze turned in the direction of a nebulous cluster of lights half a block away, down the cross street.

She followed her gaze, and in another moment found herself looking into a courtyard strewn with intimately arranged tables, garden benches and a raised platform in a remote corner.

On the platform were several musicians, gallantly arrayed in dazzling uniforms. One of them descended from the platform as Elizabeth came to a halt at the vine-covered, arching gateway. He advanced a few steps along the gravelled pathway between two rows of tables, strummed a bar on the guitar slung from a ribbon around his shoulders, and then began a song.

The words were passionately French, the singer's manner and voice ardent and eager. Elizabeth glided through the gate and sought a table near him, drinking in his naughtily exciting chansonette through every pore of her skin. This was a foretaste of that which she had crossed the Atlantic to find!

The romantic singer noted her arrival with eyes that lighted up in appreciation of her girlish natural beauty. She had no more than settled herself upon the rude bench when he began a slow, weaving saunter toward her table. With the skill of long practice, his fingers strummed the accompaniment to his song with an artistry that was positively diabolical in its nuances.

Elizabeth thrilled as the cavalierly minstrel came nearer and nearer. Her cheeks flushed as she caught the glances levelled at her by the half-dozen straggling patrons scattered about the other tables and read the knowing messages flashed from one to another by the sly lifting of eyebrows here and there.

But she was not to be denied the thrill for which she had put behind her the repressions of the old home town. Though her cheeks were dyed a vivid pink, her eyes refused to droop in embarrassment as the singer paused in the gravelled aisle beside her table. He lifted his voice in a soaring lilt that seemed to carry her into mysterious realms where the opinions of others were like so many wisps of smoke, things that would dissipate of themselves in the rarefied atmosphere about her.

The voice halted, and the minstrel bowed sweepingly with a sinuous movement of his hips that made Elizabeth catch her breath. She smiled and noiselessly clapped her hands. He saw the motion, and promptly accepted the challenge.

A waiter hurried forward, and Elizabeth nodded inquiringly.

"Vin rouge?" the singer asked softly. "Or cognac?" he smiled.

She had never tasted either, but it was her impression that the occasion would call for cognac.

"You came just in time"

"Cognac," she said, with a little gesture for the singer's benefit.

"Tres bien," the latter waved the waiter away.

The beverage came quickly, and almost as quickly disappeared. But not before the singer had informed Elizabeth that his name was Pierre Dieudonne; that she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen; that he wanted to do nothing more in this life but sit beside her, or walk with her, or show her the sights of Paree; and that he would have to leave her in a moment, to sing another of the songs which the customers came to hear.

"But I will be back again," he promised, as he placed his empty glass on the bare wooden top of the table. "Do not go away, ma'amselle, until I return!"

In her class-room French, Elizabeth eagerly promised to await his coming. The cognac seemed to have brought to vivification all the Gallic fire that had underlain her lifelong desire for a French adventure.

Eagerly her ears listened to the songs that followed from the lips of the darkly handsome chansoneer. She thrilled to the longing, the impish daring, and the gay promises that he telegraphed to her from the aisles of the garden. Had she searched all Paris, she felt, she would never have found a more charming, a more romantically perfect personification of her day-dream ideal.

It was while Pierre Dieudonne was taking a bow, at the conclusion of a particularly popular song, that Elizabeth became aware that someone else had fastened his gaze upon her—that, in fact, this other someone was trying with all his might to draw her attention.

This other man was young—perhaps three or four years younger than the debonair singer. He sat at a small table a dozen feet across the narrow garden, and was idly sipping from his glass of wine. There was nothing of the sophisticate about him; on the contrary, he appeared to be quite unfamiliar with the customs and language of this place.

Momentarily, Elizabeth Metcalf shrank back into her small-town armor. Allowing her eyes to meet those of the youth, she gave him a single haughty stare before she realized that for this once, at least, she had become a girl of the boulevards. It just would not do to freeze an admirer!

Her haughty stare dissolved, and she allowed a merely disinterested, impersonal glance to travel from the youth's face to his feet. Then she turned her attention again to Pierre, who was beginning another of his gay chansonettes.

As Pierre finished, he acknowledged the plaudits of the patrons, then sang his way toward Elizabeth's table. She felt again, the strange, tugging sensation evoked by the singer's personality, and involuntarily glanced toward the boy who sat across the garden.

He was staring at her with an expression that she could not mistake. Eyes and face and posture, all said:

"Stop!"

Almost insolently, she turned her shoulder toward the boy and smiled a warm welcome to Pierre.

"You were gone a long time," she greeted him, looking up into his face.

"But I can now stay a long time," he replied gayly. "I have arranged for an hour's freedom from—from this!" There was distaste, almost disgust, in his voice and words. "These canaille—ah, ma'amselle, you do not know how it hurts to waste one's best on such cattle as come to this place! Not you, little one, for you came without knowing! But ah, these others—they come night after night, just to guzzle and ogle!"

Elizabeth glanced around the dozen tables. She saw no outward signs of the horrid picture which Pierre had drawn, but nevertheless she nodded understandingly.

"It is terrible," she murmured.

"Then let us go elsewhere—to spend my precious hour of freedom from their bourgeoise presence." Pierre leaned toward her, cupping a slim palm over the knuckles of the hand which she was resting upon the table top.

She did not withdraw her hand, and Pierre bent over it, his lips touching each finger in turn, unmindful of the envious glances of the patrons.

"Where shall we go?" Elizabeth spoke in a voice that was almost a whisper.

Pierre pondered, as though hesitant to reveal too much.

"Where would you like to go?" he asked, finally. "To the park, perhaps," Then, softly, "Or to my little apartment for a bite to eat and a glass of sparkling wine?"

"That will do you no good"

The thing for which Elizabeth had come to Paris was at hand! The moment of irrevocable decision was upon her. She closed her eyes for a second that was an eternity to her, then lifted them, luminously filled with surrender, to Pierre's face. She had reached a stage of exaltation so high that her blood seemed to stand still; her nerves were taut but unwavering.

"Let us go to your apartment, Pierre," she replied.

Pierre ran to the orchestra platform and placed his guitar out of the way. Then he was back beside her, and together they passed through the arched gateway of the garden and into the street, Pierre's arm about her waist, his hand holding hers in a clasp that made her heart beat in double time to make up for its lapse of a few moments before.

She had refrained from glancing in the direction of the youth who sat at the other table. Indeed, so engrossed was she with the fact that she was really, at last, embarking upon her Big Adventure, that she had entirely forgotten his existence.

But he had not forgotten her. When Pierre led Elizabeth through the gate, the youth muttered a single curse, summoned a waiter and paid his score, then followed cautiously in the direction taken by the pair.

Out of the lights, Pierre's step quickened, and Elizabeth felt herself almost pulled along. Something deep within her, something far deeper and more potent than ever her desire for a single daring adventure in love, struggled to voice the same command which the boy in the garden had wirelessed:

"Stop!"

Her pace slowed suddenly, and Pierre instantly sensed her involuntary resistance.

"Hurry!" he begged. "My hour is so short—let's waste none of it!" He squeezed her hand reassuringly, smiling down at the fresh, clean oval of her face. "Hurry!" he repeated.

Elizabeth was torn between two desires—she wanted to go back, to get away from this man; but she wanted, oh so much, to go on to the end of the act, as she had planned it so long. In a kind of daze, she kept pace with her escort, while from within her came the reiterated command:

"Stop! Stop! Stop!"

Then it was too late to obey. Pierre almost dragged her up a short flight of stairs, fitted a key into an antique lock, and pushed her into a dimly lighted hallway. Fumbling on a small table at the foot of a steep, narrow flight of stairs, he found the bell and jingled it discordantly,

with a suddenness that startled Elizabeth into full awareness of her position.

A door back of the stairway opened, and a fat, middle-aged woman of masculine proportions strode into sight.

"What is it?" she called, throatily. "Ah, it is you, Pierre."

"Yes, madame," Pierre replied. "And I have brought you a pretty one—une Americaine—petite, beautiful, new!"

He shoved Elizabeth forward into the dim glow of the hall light. The old woman approached, mumbling an incoherent string of profanity. Then she halted and surveyed Elizabeth from head to foot.

"A thousand francs for you, Pierre," she spoke at last. "A big price for one so frail as this!"

"Mais non, madame!" Pierre was no longer the suave, debonair, romantic singer. His voice was a bargaining snarl; his face hard and sinister. "Five thousand francs is my price for this beautiful fille —not one franc less, madame!"

Elizabeth had stood petrified at the brutal revelation of what her mad caprice had led her into. Now her throat constricted, and her senses reeled. In a frenzy, she flung herself away from Pierre and managed a single wild attempt to reach the street door. But Pierre was experienced. He seized her by the throat and shoved her ahead of him along the hallway, the hag following at his shoulder, uttering vileness at every step.

The hag opened one side of a double door and, taking hold of an arm, thrust Elizabeth inside. Then she closed the door and turned to Pierre to conclude their bargaining.

Elizabeth found herself in a large room arranged as a parlor. She was not alone. Another girl was there before her—a girl whose face exhibited an expression of suffering and despair, and whose youth-body was covered but partially by a single garment, a negligee of the thinnest possible fabric.

Elizabeth recovered her balance even as the hag slammed the door upon her. She turned and clawed at the lock like a wild cat. The other girl came forward and laid a sympathetic hand upon her shoulder.

"That will do you no good," she said in plain American. "We're sunk, that's all."

Elizabeth straightened up and wheeled to face the girl.

"Where are we?" she demanded.

"In one hell of a place, sister," the girl replied. "I've been here since yesterday —waiting to be smuggled to a—a—" she could not force herself to speak the awful word that would reveal their fate.

"No! No!" Elizabeth seized the girl's hands.

"Yes, sister—and I suppose it was the romantic Pierre that brought you here?" the girl went on.

Elizabeth nodded miserably.

"Oh, my God!" she clutched the girl who had come to her side. "What can we do?"

"Pierre will show you, sister." The girl's reply was gentle, commiserating. "And he'll beat you terribly if you don't do it, too!" She turned her back toward Elizabeth and allowed the single garment that she wore to drop down about her waist. "He used a cat-o'-nine-tails on me last night—the beast! Then he went away, promising to come back tonight and give me some more of the same 'medicine.'"

"You're an American—haven't you any friends who will be looking for you?" Elizabeth almost forgot her own plight in her sympathy for this other victim of the "romantic" Pierre.

"Sure, sister—I've got a kid brother who's probably turning Paris upside down looking for me. But how could he ever find me—in a place like this?"

Gingerly, Elizabeth touched the livid welts that ran across the girl's back. The latter winced.

"Don't," she cried. "They hurt!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry!' Elizabeth cried. "And Pierre did that to you?"

"He did—with the help of that hideous madame who pays him for bringing us here."

"And you—you can be calm and talk about it?" Elizabeth was still fascinated by the horrible marks upon her com-

panion's back. Couldn't you kill him?"

The girl shook her head.

"Sister, I've had nearly twenty-four hours to think it over. Just about all the strength I had has oozed out of me in that time, and when I think about being whipped again—well, I would almost rather die!"

"You poor kid!" Elizabeth put her hands on the other girl's shoulder. "Maybe we can do something, if we stick together."

Again the girl shook her head.

"We won't have a chance," she said, without spirit. "He is a devil—and the old woman is worse. She held me face down over the side of a bed while he whipped me—and I couldn't move a muscle!"

Throughout their conversation, the girls had heard the indistinct murmur of the voices of their captors. Now these murmurs ceased, and the next second the hall door was opened cautiously and the old woman entered.

She beckoned to Elizabeth, and Elizabeth shuddered. Her limbs seemed about to give way, and a nameless fear assailed her mind, a fear paralyzing and too horrible to describe. She was unable to move.

The old woman thrust out a paw in a motion so sudden that Elizabeth could not have evaded it had she been in full possession of her faculties. As it was, the talons of the old woman seized the girl's wrist, closed about it, and twisted quickly, viciously. Elizabeth was thrown violently to her knees.

The old woman pounced upon her, got a resistless hold, and dragged her through the hall door. The other girl, who had stood as one dazed, came suddenly to life. She flung herself at the old woman, clawing, scratching. The hag lifted a foot, brought it down with all her strength upon the girl's instep, and shoved Elizabeth into the hall.

The villainous Pierre caught her about the shoulders, pinioning her arms to her side. He held her thus, facing the door into the parlor, while the hag deliberately bent above the other girl, who crouched in anguished, wordless pain upon the floor. Elizabeth saw the she-devil slap, kick and hammer the defenseless girl, and struggled to free herself that she might dash to the rescue.

But Pierre was laughing sardonically, while he easily held Elizabeth's writhing body in a grip that could not be broken.

"Be still!" he snarled, as the old woman ceased her attack on the other girl. "Be still, or I will choke you."

The old woman came out of the parlor, locked the door behind her, and strode ahead of them along the hall to another door that opened into a small, windowless room in which there was but one piece of furniture—a bed.

She stood aside while Pierre thrust Elizabeth into this room. Then she drew the door to behind them, leaving Elizabeth and the Frenchman alone.

Pierre pushed Elizabeth across the narrow floor space, and forced her down upon the bed. Bending leeringly above her, he relaxed his hold slightly.

"Now, my pretty one, we shall enjoy what is left of my hour of precious freedom," he gloated. "Will that not be nice?"

Gathering her strength, Elizabeth jerked loose and sprang to her feet. Her eyes blazed, and every nerve in her body grew tense.

"You—you—" she sought for words to express her loathing.

"Save you breath!" Pierre's face hardened. "Take off your clothes—or shall I take them off for you?" He rose.

Elizabeth backed away, into a corner. Pierre followed, threw out a hand, snatched her hat and tossed it to the floor. Then he seized the cowering figure, loosed the snaps of her dress, forced the straps of her undergarments down over her shoulders, and stood back to survey that which was revealed.

Back in the privacy of her own room, night after night, Elizabeth had pictured to herself the thrills of an experience in which some such action would have a large and deliciously ecstatic place. But at this moment, her thoughts were far different than she had anticipated. Helpless, she felt herself forced back to the bed, while Pierre's gaze feasted on the

virgin beauty that his fiendish hands had stripped of covering.

Then there was a splintering crash at the front door. The tramp of feet in the hallway. The smashing of another door, and a babel of excited voices.

At the first intimation of danger, Pierre leaped away from the bed. He extinguished the single gas light and cautiously opened the door, unmindful now of Elizabeth's presence in the urgency of his haste to get away.

The sounds that were so fear-inspiring to Pierre revived Elizabeth's innate courage. Even as the Frenchman scanned the hallway from the darkness of the little room, she was upon him. Her fingers sank into his throat, clawing, raking, with the liberated hatred of outraged womanhood.

At the same time, her voice rose in a series of ear-piercing screams. The response from the forward hallway was instantaneous. Two husky gendarmes raced toward her as Pierre succeeded in breaking loose for a wild dash to safety through madame's private room across the hall. One of the gendarmes tripped Pierre, while the other turned a flashlight upon Elizabeth.

She leaned weakly against the wall, fumblingly rearranging her clothing. The gendarme gently placed a protecting arm about her waist and led her toward the front hall.

From the large parlor came the other girl, wrapped in a long cloak, and clinging to the arm of the young man who had sat near Elizabeth in the garden. His face was stern and set, and he seemed not to notice Elizabeth. He handed the girl with him over to another gendarme, then raced to the back of the hall.

He drew the gendarme off the prostrate form of Pierre and waved him to one side. Then he lifted the Frenchman to his feet and allowed him to recover his balance. Pierre tried to back away, but the youngster launched out a mighty straight-arm blow, caught the Frenchman flush on the nose, and sent him crashing into a corner.

With a bound, he lifted the Frenchman into the air, then flung him once more to the floor. Pierre lay still, blood trickling from his smashed nose, and one arm bent limply beneath his body.

The young American—for Elizabeth knew that he must be the brother of whom the other girl had spoken—turned away, smoothing his clothing, and came up to the two girls.

"Let's get out of here," he remarked. "The gendarmes will take care of what's left."

A few formalities of the police, with much scribbling in their little memorandum books, and the gendarmes allowed them to go.

As they reached the street, Elizabeth looked up shamefacedly into the steady eyes of her rescuer.

"You came in the nick of time," she said. "But you should have killed that beast—for what he did to your sister."

"Maybe not," the sister interposed. "If you got into this mess like I did, it was pretty much your own fault. I know it was my fault—I thought that devil was so romantic I couldn't help going with him when he suggested it."

"I guess you're right," Elizabeth admitted. "Only my fault was much greater than yours—I came all the way from America for the one purpose of having—well, a Parisian romance—and I guess I've had it, at that."

The young man was growing impatient.

"Nell," he cut in, "why don't you introduce me?"

His sister laughed.

"Bless your heart," she said, "we'll all have to be introduced—I'm Nell; this is my brother Bill—and—"

"I'm Elizabeth," supplied that lady.

Bill shifted around his sister and placed himself between her and Elizabeth, linking his arms with theirs.

"And now," he commented, "since you've all had your taste of Parisian romance, let's go home and try to get along on the plain American kind for the rest of our lives."

And they did. Which explains why Elizabeth is taking him with her to the old home town.

"Get your wraps, we're going to—"

Lessons in Love

Philip was a stick-in-the-mud, so Marie said. But he lived to give her two unforgettable lessons!

By JANICE GLANT

PHILIP strode swiftly up the corridor and stopped in front of the last door. The one that bore the name "Marie Maxime." He groped in his pockets for a moment, then brought forth a key and unhurriedly opened the door. Stepping inside, he let his eyes rove about a minute to get accustomed to the dusky lights, and then he sat down.

He was perfectly at home here. And why not? He paid for the apartment; he had bought the furniture and it was he who had installed that adorable little red-headed Marie Maxime in it.

Evidently she was not in just now. Usually when she heard his key in the lock she would run into the hall and cuddle up to him like a kitten. Darling Marie! Her negligees were never more than half closed—for him! He was glad that she rarely went out during the day and was content to lounge about in cunning pajamas or a fetching robe-du-style and wait for him. Rare indeed were the days that passed without a visit from Philip.

But he had been out of town for almost a week. Their first real separation. And while he was disappointed that she was not home to welcome him, he could not very well blame her. After all, he had not let

her know that he was coming. And now, doubtless, she was merely out amusing herself while waiting for her lover to return.

Time passed slowly as Philip sat in Marie's tiny living room. He began to grow uneasy. Something might have happened to her. Thieves—kidnappers—any number of horrible things!

He got up and wandered slowly about. There wasn't a clue as to where she might have gone. Philip went into her boudoir.

What was this! A note, addressed to him, lay upon her dressing table. Quickly he opened the envelope and drew out the single sheet of note paper. Some foreboding must have reached him, for he delayed as long as he could before reading the missive.

As his eyes followed Marie's dashing scrawl his mouth set grimly. His whole face hardened and he had the look of a man who has been betrayed. He crushed the paper in his hand while his eyes narrowed.

Then, spreading out the rumpled sheet he went over it again.

"Dear Philip," he read. "By the time you return and receive this letter I shall have gone off with George Barnett. It isn't that I don't love you—I did, and perhaps I still do—a little. But George has so much that you haven't. He dominates me completely; overwhelms my every resistance by his very ruthlessness.

"I am telling you this so you will know how to act when you meet another girl who doesn't want to be handled with kid gloves all of the time. Marie."

Philip's dark eyes began to glow savagely. He hadn't gotten the whole gist of the letter the first time he read it.

So he had been too gentle with her—too kind! Every time she resisted him, he had given in—let her have her own way—and he had thought he was doing the right thing. Well, he was due for a change. He would go out and look for a girl to take Marie's place in the apartment right now!

Leaving the building swiftly, he got into his car and drove rapidly downtown. In the office he rang for his stenographer and barked at her so savagely she almost cried.

Suddenly Philip turned around. He was seeing his little stenographer for the first time. Pretty, cute face she had—and what a figure!

"Ma'amselle Renault," he said suddenly, "what's your first name?"

The girl looked startled and put her little hand to her plump breasts.

"H-Helene," she stammered.

"All right, Helene," said Philip. "Get on your wraps. We're going to look over some real estate."

Helene's rosebud mouth opened in dumb surprise. That handsome Mr. Downs, her American boss, had at last taken notice of her was almost too much. She felt herself trembling.

"Yes, sir," choked Helene.

When they were in the car Philip did not say a word. He was, however, very conscious of the demure little figure sitting next to him. He wondered how demure she would be under different circumstances —very different ones.

What he saw took his breath away

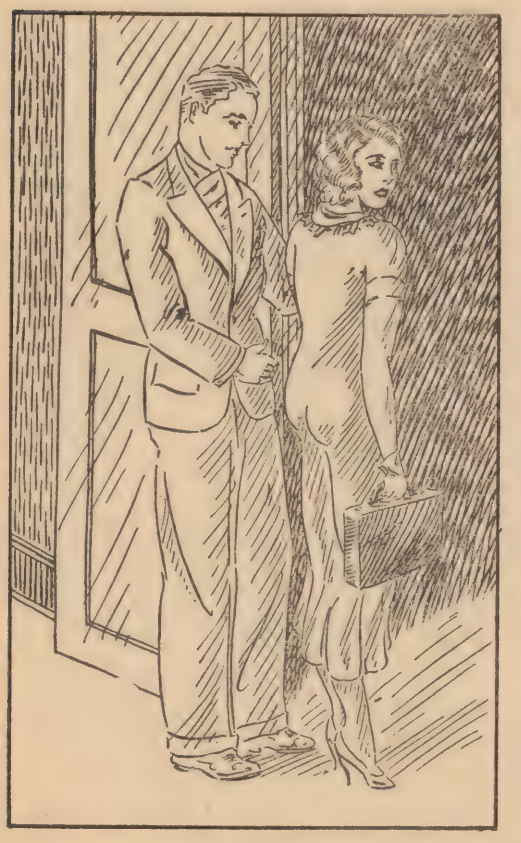
Far out into the country he drove. He knew exactly where he was going but he could tell from the bewildered expression in her eyes that Helene hadn't an idea in the world where they were bound for. He could see also, from sidelong glances at her, that she was perfectly reassured. She didn't feel as though it was dangerous at all to be driving alone with Philip over a lonely country road.

They reached a crossroads, one leading up a steep hill, the other going down into a little woods that completely screened the lower road. It was onto this lower road that Philip turned. He drove on for a little way and then stopped.

"Well," he said, "do you like it?"

Helene looked around at the huge trees which almost shut out the sky with their dense branches. She heard faintly a musical ripple that meant there was running water near.

"It's beautiful," she answered.



"Just a minute"

He grinned at her and then put an arm about her shoulders and drew her close to him.

"Not nearly," he whispered, "as beautiful or as tempting as you are."

"O-oh," Helene felt her heart racing.

He was murmuring into her hair; nuzzling her neck softly. Tentatively she attempted to draw away from him but he was relentless. She couldn't budge the band that his arms made about her.

"Darling," he murmured, "my lovely darling—"

Then he bent his head down and began to kiss her. He kissed as though he was starved for her. Her eyes, her throat, her cheeks, and finally her luscious parted lips. Deep, deep he went into them while Helene forgot to struggle in her ecstasy. Unknown delights were sweeping her with their thrills.

"Not here, sweetheart," he said smiling, "we're going back to town. To a place I know. And you won't struggle, will you darling?—because it won't do you a bit of good, anyhow!"

It didn't take them long to reach the little apartment with Marie's name on the door. Helene, though, was beginning to feel frightened at what she was doing, but the slightest move she made was so closely watched by Philip that she knew she didn't have the remotest chance of getting away—even if she wanted to!

Into the apartment they went, Philip carefully locking the door after them and pocketing the key.

"Now," he said, and he showed her into Marie's bedroom.

He found one of the beautiful negligees that Marie had neglected to take with her and handed it to Helene.

"Put it on," he said briefly.

He mixed a drink while he waited for her in the living room. By Jove, she was sweet! So soft, her skin was like a flower petal in texture. Just as he was finishing his second drink, a soft stir at the bedroom door made him look up. What he saw there took his breath away.

The pink negligee set off perfectly the dark curly hair. Her feet were thrust into tiny high-heeled mules and her whole en-

semble was held together by the [illegible]w band of ribbon which encircled her waist. She slipped over to where Philip sat, gazing at her as though entranced. Who would have thought that the shy little stenographer could possibly be this lovely siren—this enchantress?

Without a word she perched herself on his knee and slipped her arms about his neck. And Philip was like a man in a dream.

She was content to kiss him and let him kiss her but she intended to go no farther. Grimly Philip held her.

Even while she struggled, writhing in his arms, Philip kissed her. She quivered with the emotion that she felt for him. No more did Helene struggle. He carried her into the bedroom, while she tightened her arms about his neck.

Early next morning Marie Maxime came tripping down the corridor to her erstwhile apartment. Using her own latchkey she entered. She glanced around quckly. Someone had been here. The whiskey decanter and a used glass stood on a table. She returned to the little hall and there she saw Philip's hat and stick.

"Poor old Philip," thought Marie. "Plenty handsome but what a stick-in-the-mud!"

Then she started for the bedroom. There were a few things she wanted before she left the apartment for the last time.

Opening the door casually she went in, and then her hand flew to her mouth just in time to stifle a gasp of astonishment! For on the bed lay, sleeping, a most adorable girl. Almost in the same instant Philip saw Marie and he sprang at her.

Advancing toward Marie he seized the back of her neck and propelled her from the room. When the door had been shut Phil turned to her.

"Well," he said ominously, "what do you want?"

She giggled nervously. "Just a few of my things I forgot."

"All right," growled Philip, "go get 'em, and make it snappy!"

Marie hurriedly collected what she wanted but as she turned to go Phil stood in her way.

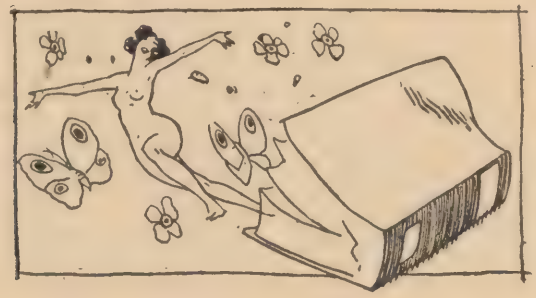
"Just a minute," he said. "You gave me a lesson in love when you wrote that letter. Now," he smiled at her, "I'm going to give you my lesson number one!"

He slowly took her in his arms and gave her a kiss that no woman could ever forget. It had everything—passion, tenderness brutality—everything!

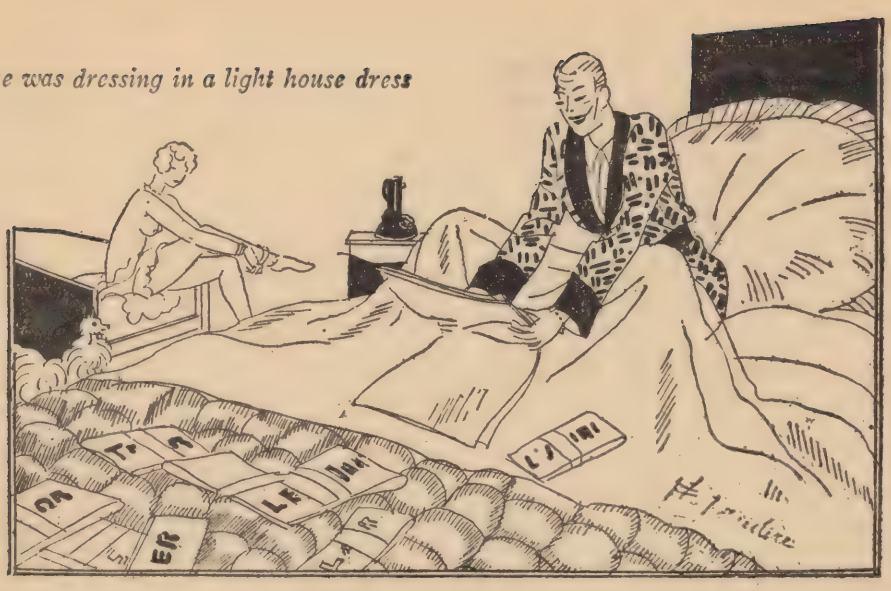
"Oh!" gasped Marie, for now she was being rapidly pushed towards the door to the hall. "Oh!"

As Phil put her through the door he spun her around swiftly and administered a slap, a resounding one, on the place provided by nature.

"And that," laughed Philip, as he went back into the bedroom, "was lesson number two!"



She was dressing in a light house dress



Folly Forbidden

Uncle Jeremiah just wouldn't stand for women in the family. He didn't like them at all!

By W. Clyde Young

IT TAKES all kinds of blondes to make a world. The one who sat at a sidewalk cafe table just opposite Jerry Antrim was of the platinum variety, and real eighteen-karat. And not only was she a knockout blonde, but she also possessed an appropriate figure of intriguing curves to go with it. After a single glance at her, one was justified in deciding that Mae West should play grandmother roles.

She had crossed the perfectly curved legs, and the stockings that graced them were so thin Jerry could tell the exact size of the dimples in her knees. The gown she was wearing proclaimed wealth from every daring angle, and her poise was entirely regal when she spoke to the garcon. A real aristocrat from the old French school, Jerry told himself. But that fact didn't detract from Jerry's interest. Jerry wasn't exactly a candidate for the breadlines himself.

She was quite alone, and had given her order for a light dejeuner to the garcon as soon as she was seated, which Jerry took as an indication that she was not expecting a companion. Jerry thought she should have one, and couldn't think of anyone better suited for that delightful task than himself. He hated to see such an attractive bit of feminity dining alone, especially when he was around and feeling like a stranger in a strange land.

He had started to arise and stroll over to her table when he suddenly recalled exactly why he was alone. It was the fault of his uncle, Jeremiah J. Judson. You've probably read about Jeremiah J. Hudson. He used to get his name in all the newspapers every time a show was closed. That's right—Jeremiah was the boy who closed 'em! Life for Jeremiah was one great big suppression after another. In the spring he censored the forthcoming books; in the summer he stalked the public parks and dark lanes looking for couples who preferred to have only a friendly moon as a witness to their love-making; in the fall he closed the

more interesting shows, and in the winter he just went around making life miserable for anyone who looked happy. That was Jeremiah J. Judson. All wealthy men have their hobbies, and being an enforcer of the Blue Laws was Jeremiah's.

Jerry could never understand how his mother had come to possess such a brother, and Jeremiah could never understand how his saintly sister had given birth to such a son. But it had happened, much to the regret of both. And things hadn't ended with just the relationship. Jerry's parents had died while he was quite young, and the task of raising him had fallen to Jeremiah. Since Jerry's main view of life was to get as much enjoyment as possible out of it, Jeremiah didn't think Jerry was much of a credit to his teachings.

Of course, Paris isn't the proper place for a reformer. He feels as lonesome there as a bachelor at Niagara Falls in June. But Jeremiah thought it would be virgin territory for his activities. So accompanied by Jerry, he had left America to its sins and crossed the Atlantic. There had been plenty of grave misgivings in his heart about taking Jerry to such a frivolous place as Paris, so to insure his nephew's unimpeachable behavior he had warned him that he was to ignore all women. Any detouring from the straight and narrow path, and he would marry him to the daughter of one of his reformer friends, or else cut him off without a cent. Jerry shuddered each time he thought of either prospect. It was not his nature to get along without money—or to settle down to matrimony with an animated Blue Law for a life partner.

But when Jerry saw that platinum blonde at the table opposite his, he felt justified in risking one little detour from the un-primrose path. If only Old Jeremiah had an eye for feminine beauty, he would understand just how attractive that platinum blonde was, Jerry told himself. But he knew that old Jeremiah regarded women as man's biggest handicap toward model lives.

For nearly five minutes Jerry hesitated, which was a long time for him when an attractive girl was around. Then, when he could resist the allure of her no longer, he arose and walked over to her table, reminding himself that Paris is a large place and it was hardly likely his uncle would meet him at the sidewalk cafe.

The girl looked curiously over at Jerry when he dropped down into the chair opposite her, but because he hadn't been built along the lines of a circus freak, and because his clothes indicated one who knew nothing about the depression except what he read in the papers, she didn't exactly frown.

"May I mistake you for Mrs. Addison Sims from Seattle?" he asked, smiling engagingly.

The girl hesitated a moment before replying. She studied him closely, and because Jerry had continued to smile, she also permitted one to lightly touch the corners of her kissable red lips.

"If I told Monsieur that he was mistaken, then Monsieur would have to apologize and leave, she remarked. "But if Monsieur should ask if I am Vivienne Trajur, I could not say he was wrong."

"Ah, quite right!" declared Jerry. "Mademoiselle Vivienne. Stupid of me to always be confusing names. I hope Mademoiselle has not forgotten Jerry Antrim."

"How could I forget Monsieur when he is still with me?" smiled the girl, enjoying Jerry's happy demeanor.

"And would you spoil a lovely evening like this by telling me that I must leave?" asked Jerry anxiously. This girl was proving more interesting than he had expected.

"I would hate to spoil a lovely evening for a lonely Americaine in Paris," Vivienne replied softly.

"But you will spoil it for me if you decline a taxi ride so I can see the sights of the city," Jerry told her promptly.

"Does Monsieur find me so uninteresting that he must seek other things to look at?" countered the girl with a faint suspicion of a pout to her lips.

"How could I?" demanded Jerry quickly. "But one must have some sort of an alibi for a taxi ride. Oui?"

"Oui!" agreed the girl.

Instantly Jerry was on his feet, calling to the garcon in order that he might quickly pay for the girl's dejeuner. He was anxious to get her off to the semi-privacy of a taxi.

Vivienne proved the most delightful companion he could have found. She was gay, bantering and at times permitted a look of affection to creep into her soft blue eyes. In the care-free, happy manner of youth they visited night clubs in Montmartre to dance; stopped at secluded little cafes in Montparnesse to drink; bought dancing dolls from vendors at the Bois, and rode in taxis with the elite along the Avenue L'Opera and the Rue de la Paix.

Jerry spent enough to have purchased the ramshackle taxi in which they rode. But he wasn't thinking about that. His only thought was of Vivienne, so regal in her poise, yet so happy and gay as his companion. Each moment increased his interest. She was no ordinary pick-up from a Parisian cafe, he told himself. Not only did her clothing indicate wealth, but her manner was different from what one might expect of a girl who made friends with strangers.

And in numerous little ways she showed that she was not indifferent to Jerry. Although she did not succumb as soon as he placed his arm about her waist, she finally yielded, and surrendered her lips to his. It was a graceful gesture that told Jerry she was completely his.

Jerry had held in his arms more girls than he could remember. But as those same arms closed about the warm, soft body of Vivienne, he knew that it was not quite the same. They had been light, passing fancies, while Vivienne produced in him strange sensations that told him his interest in her was permanent.

Vivienne offered no protests against his caresses, yet neither did she yield too eagerly. It was as though she had succumbed thoroughly to him, yet was anxious that the glory of it should last.

"Vivienne!" he whispered softly in her ear as the taxi rattled over the cobbles of a poorly lighted street.

"Oui, Jerry?" she asked in a voice that was equally soft, as though she anticipated what he intended to say next.

"I love you, ma cheri," he said, and realized as he spoke that he was not exaggerating. Something within his heart told him that this was real love.

"I am so happy!" declared Vivienne rapturously. "Now I will not have to love a man who does not love me!"

"You mean that?" asked Jerry quickly. The warm, soft glow in her eyes was sufficient answer, but Jerry was anxious to hear the confirmation from her lips.

"Oui, Jerry," answered Vivienne as she nestled closer to him in the narrow confines of the taxi tonneau. "As much as this—"

She leaned forward and tapped upon the glass that separated them from the driver. When the latter turned about with a polite, "Oui, Mademoiselle?" Vivienne said, "Drive to 12 Rue St. Martin."

When Jerry looked questioningly at her, she said in a very low voice, "that is my home, Jerry."

"But must we part so soon after we have just made this wonderful discovery?" asked Jerry with deep regret.

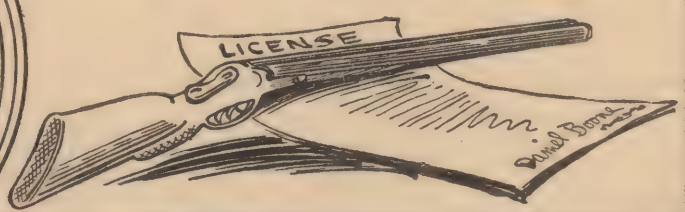
"I did not say you would have to leave me when we got there, ma cheri," answered Vivienne, the soft, warm glow in

"It is a common name in America, this Jeremiah"

WARD
STORY

WEDDING MARCH BY REMMINGTON

Oh, see th' little blushin' bride
Who to th' altar goes,
Right down th' middle of th' church
Where th' town boys fill th' rows.
There's Chon Day sittin' over there,
An' Freeburn, too, he's in that jam,
Doc Proctor next—she necked with him,
An' Jimmy Caborn called her "lamb."
Frank Kenneth Young, a chap she vamped,
Bert Voorhees, he's got golfin' fame;
Chuck Thorndyke's there an' Otto Hay,
Mark Pattie and Bill Rame.
Ed Wilbur and Chuck Huntsman, too,
Clyde Young with whom she usta mush,
No wonder she's a blushin' bride,
Mygawd, she aught t' blush!



Uncle Jeremiah was an enforcer of the Blue Laws

her eyes becoming even more pronounced. "I said I would show how much I love you!"

Before Jerry could voice the exclamation of surprise and delight that arose to his lips, Vivienne leaned toward him, placed her arms about his neck and pressed her lips against his in a long, lingering kiss.

Number 12 Rue St. Martin was not the pretentious place one might have expected from the expensive clothing that graced the intriguing figure of Vivienne. Instead it looked surprisingly like an inexpensive American boarding house. But Jerry was not thinking of such things as they entered the pension, and he carried her up two flights of stairs to her room, where the door softly closed behind them.

A thrilling kiss from a pair of warm, soft lips awakened Jerry the next morning, and he looked up into the smiling, happy eyes of Vivienne. She was dressed in a light house dress, which Jerry thought made her look even more charming than the expensive gown she had worn the night before. From an adjoining room came the savory aroma of frying bacon and eggs.

"Such a laziness!" declared Vivienne with a laugh after Jerry finally permitted her to use her lips for speech. "Arise, O sleepy lout—but glorious lover! The bacon and eggs will be cold, and such a breakfast would produce a bad humor. Non, little pig for kisses, no more until after breakfast."

She stepped quickly back from the bed as Jerry reached eagerly for her; paused in the doorway to blow him a kiss from her dainty fingertips, then disappeared into the adjoining room, where Jerry could hear her rattling dishes.

With the smile of a man who has found complete happiness, Jerry arose and started to dress. But as he dressed, the smile slowly left his lips and a look of sadness entered his eyes.

Jerry's thoughts had suddenly reverted to old Jeremiah J. Judson. If Jeremiah ever heard of Vivienne! Jerry knew that he would never be able to understand. Jeremiah would be able to see nothing but evil in what had been done. Love, in his opinion, was merely a cloak for sin.

And as for Jerry marrying Vivienne! Old Jeremiah would probably have apoplexy. A Parisian woman was old Jeremiah's idea of an animated crime. He had voiced some very unpleasant views about them to Jerry even before they had landed at Cherbourg.

Yet Jerry knew that he would never be happy unless he had Vivienne for his own for all time. He had accepted her love because he loved her and wanted her as his wife.

Jerry recognized fully the dilemma he was in. If he married Vivienne he knew that old Jeremiah would disown him, for the latter woud take such action before he would admit that his nephew had married a French girl. If that was done, Jerry knew that he would be left stranded in Paris, without money or any means of supporting a wife, for his education had not been practical. If he did not

marry her—Jerry shuddered violently at that thought. If he did not marry her he would always be unhappy, would go through life feeling that he had committed a grevious wrong.

He had dropped disconsolately upon a chair, and sat looking blankly at the floor when Vivienne returned to see what had detained him.

"Something is wrong, ma cheri?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh, no, nothing," lied Jerry.

At the sound of her voice he knew that uncle or no uncle he would marry her and would find some way to support her.

"I think there is," said Vivienne slowly. "And I think I know what it is. You wonder what sort of a girl I am whom you find in a cafe dressed like the elite, but who lives in a shabby pension. Whom you can meet unintroduced in a cafe and who lets you love her without restraint."

"No! No! I had no such thoughts, Vivienne!" he told her quickly, anxious that she should not think he had doubted her because she had been so generous with her affection. He loved her, which was enough for him.

But Vivienne, who could think of no other reason for his strange manner, refused to accept his denial.

"I do have a confession to make, ma cheri," she said softly, dropping down at his feet and resting her head in his lap. "I have not led an improper life. Until yesterday I was a stenographer for a lawyer at the Bois. But it was hard work, long hours and poor pay. I decided to try an easier life.

"Yesterday morning I met an elderly Americaine who bought me those fine clothes I wore last night. I was to meet him during the afternoon and accompany him to some quiet hotel. But I became frightened and did not keep the appointment.

"Last night I met you, and thought it might be easier if I met only young men. Instead I fell in love with you. So deeply that I could deny you nothing. You understand that, ma cheri?"

"I understand, Vivienne, and I never doubted," answered Jerry quickly. "But even if there had been others, I still think I would love you. What worries me is my Uncle Jeremiah."

"Jeremiah?" repeated Vivienne. "It is a common name in America, this Jeremiah?"

"A lot of people have it for a name," replied Jerry. "Why do you ask?"

"The man who bought me those clothes yesterday morning was named Jeremiah."

"But it couldn't have been old Jeremiah J. Judson," declared Jerry. "He thinks women are—"

"But it was!" announced Vivienne quickly. "When he sign the travelers checque, I see the name, Jeremiah J. Judson. A tall, slim homme, with a stoop to the shoulders, a bent to the nose and a funny little squint to the eyes. Very black clothes he wore, and look as though he does not have a sou, yet can sign travelers checques for fortunes!"

"That's him!" declared Jerry quickly. "A perfect picture of Uncle Jeremiah. So he bought you those clothes and made a date with you for yesterday afternoon because he thought you were——. And after all those sermons he delivered to me! The old reprobate!"

"But, Jerry, he is your uncle and you should not call him such names!" chided Vivienne gently.

"They're not even half strong enough for the old hypocrite!" declared Jerry.

"Because he would object to our marriage?" asked Vivienne anxiously.

"Object? Oh, yeah, he'll object plenty—until he sees you! Then he'll send us a big wedding present. Let's make him do it this afternoon, Vivienne, by being married right now?"

The speed with which Vivienne slipped from the floor to his lap was answer enough for Jerry, whose arms closed quickly about her.

The future might have looked mighty dark to Jerry a few minutes before, but it had a rosy aspect right then. And all because old Jeremiah hadn't practiced what he preached!

Glamorous Darkness

In the dark even a maid is perfect

By RAE KING

And there was more than just one model dancing about the studio

IT WAS such a party as is given only in the Latin Quarter of Paris. The wine flowed as freely as the Seine after the spring rains, and there was more abandon in just one wriggle of a model's hip as she danced about the floor than in a whole revue of Broadway chorines. And there was more than just one artist's model dancing about the studio, each vying with the other.

The party celebrated the opening of an elaborate studio by Lucile de Salux. But the party was really Monsieur Felix Fabian's. It was his money that had equipped the studio so lavishly, and it was his money that was paying for the entertainment. With a vivacious young brunette on his left arm, and an equally attractive blonde hanging on his right, Monsieur Fabian was enjoying himself immensely.

Lucile, with a poet at her feet extolling the charm of those pedal extremities, and with an artist on either side of her fighting for the privilege of being the first to reproduce on canvas her Grecian profile and distinctly Parisian body, should have been happy, but wasn't.

That was because of Monsieur Fabian. Like Shylock, Monsieur Fabian had his price. And his price for equipping the elaborate studio was Lucile. Not permanently, but for this first night in the Latin Quarter.

Lucile, whose only interest in life was art, had realized what she was doing when she entered into the bargain with Monsieur Fabian. But it had been easier to make the bargain when the date of its payment was in the remote future. Now that the hour was drawing close, Lucile began to be frightened at the seriousness of the agreement.

If Monsieur Fabian had been younger and of a more tender nature, Lucile felt that she would not have minded the ordeal so much. In the Latin Quarter such an agreement as she had made with him was not unusual. But there was something wolfish about Monsieur Fabian that told Lucile his lovemaking would be brutal.

She hoped he might become so intoxicated with the freely flowing wine that he would forget the bargain and that she could gain a respite. But Monsieur Fabian seemed to be drinking only enough to augment his desire for her.

"Mademoiselle has not forgotten?" he

asked with a savage gleam in his eyes as he sought out the corner where she had taken refuge when the guests finally began to depart.

Lucile shook her head. "I have not forgotten," she answered. "But Monsieur must not forget his promise that no one is to know of our bargain, and so must leave when the other guests depart."

"Leave it to me, cheri," he assured her. "I shall leave with them, but I shall lose no time in hurrying back to my little cabbage!"

Lucile suppressed a shudder, and wondered if any girl had ever before been compelled to pay such a price for art.

With the assistance of her maid, Yvette, she helped the departing guests into their wraps, and the more intoxicated ones into taxis.

Monsieur Fabian was among the last to depart, and the way he looked at her and the savage way he held her hand caused her to shudder again. For the moment she was tempted to flee from the studio, ready to turn back to him all its elaborate furnishings in an effort to repudiate the bargain she had made.

But Lucile had been born with a natural love for art. It was her life, and with the studio and backing Monsieur Fabian was giving her she know that she would be able to command more recognition for her work. She would comply with Monsieur Fabian, but would regard it only as the price of art.

With that resolve, she turned back

She would accept Monsieur's aid in fitting out the swanky emporium

He did not realize that he did not reach Lucile

from the doorway after the last guest had departed, and made her way slowly to the little bedroom in the rear. Yvette was there arranging a silk night dress upon the bed and ready to assist Lucile in disrobing.

"There is no need for you to wait up longer, Yvette," she said, anxious to have the maid repair to her own room and to be asleep when Monsieur Fabian arrived.

Yvette was an excellent maid and quite devoted to Lucile, but still the latter was not anxious that even she should know that Monsieur Fabian was returning. There was a certain gay and reckless spirit in Yvette that would make her think it was something quite interesting to talk about. Yvette loved conversations about men—and was also quite fond of men!

"Thank you, Mademoiselle,," replied Yvette. "The lights are still burning in the studio. Shall I extinguish them?"

"Please Yvette," requested Lucile.

She had left the lights turned on so that Monsieur Fabian would have no difficulty in finding his way across the studio. But fearing to arouse the suspicions of Yvette, she thought it best to let her extinguish them and allow Monsieur Fabian to find his way to her room the best way he could.

She disrobed slowly, hesitatingly, dreading the removal of each garment. Then, when she had slipped on the night dress, she climbed quickly into bed and extinguished the light for fear Monsieur Fabian might return and see her. The ordeal of his return would be less unpleasant in the dark.

But Monsieur Fabian did not return just then. The only sound that came to Lucile was a faint stirring in the adjoining room, where Yvette was also retiring.

Lucile had not thought it possible that she could go to sleep. There were so many things to disrupt her usual tranquil life. But within fifteen minutes after she had gotten into bed, she drifted off into a nervous, restless slumber.

When she awoke it was daylight—and she was quite alone. Wondering why Monsieur Fabian had not returned, and feeling that it had only prolonged her mental agony, she slipped into a negligee and feathered mules, then followed the aroma of breakfast that emanated from the little kitchenette.

Yvette, who served in many capacities, was performing the culinary work. She smiled happily at Lucile when the latter dropped into a chair and began buttering a piece of toast, and seemed about to say something—when Monsieur Fabian entered.

Lucile looked up and gasped in amazement, wondering why Monsieur Fabian had dared come in daylight. But Monsieur Fabian was smiling happily as he advanced toward her and kissed her affectionately on the nape of the neck.

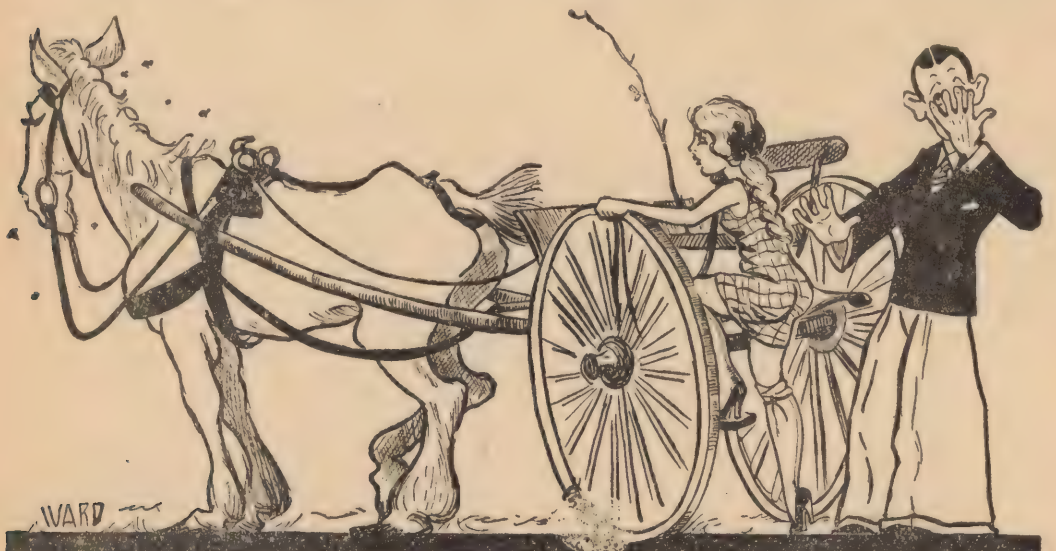
"Cheri, you were wonderful!" he whispered softly in her ear so that Yvette could not hear him. "I am sorry I can not remain for breakfast and a good morning kiss such as you gave me last night, but I must dash off to the barber's and then the office. If Mademoiselle ever desires to make further bargains, she has only to come to me."

Before Lucile could do anything but stare at him in amazement, he hurried across the studio to the door; paused to blow her a kiss from his fingertips, then was gone.

He acted as though she had fulfilled her part of the bargain. Yet Lucille was certain—. Then she caught a glimpse of the strange expression on Yvette's face, and looked at her maid sharply.

"I am sorry, Mademoiselle," said Yvette repentantly. "I was hoping that he would be gone before you arose and that no one would ever know the difference. If Mademoiselle wishes to fire me——"

"Fire you?" interrupted Lucile quickly. "Yvette, at the sale of my very first painting you are going to get a bonus. You will never know what a perfect maid you have been!"



She was bred in OLD KENTUCKY; but what a crumb she turned out to be.

The new model was all that a model needs to be

Dumb David

He was a one-woman man — but he didn't know that he had picked — and lost — the wrong woman!

By CELIMENE HEROUARD

ONCE in a blue moon, you find a man who takes love seriously. He is a one-woman man, and if he loses that one woman, he never is able to replace her with another. He may try to find a substitute for her, but he knows from the first that he will be disappointed.

David Graham was a one-woman man —and an artist. The one woman had been his model before she became his one woman. And for two straight years, life had been a heaven, at least for poor, dumb David. He never suspected, during those two roseate years, that Bettina D'Auverge was his for only part of the time—the part that he was free from his work in the distant studio.

Dumb David—that was the term by which he came to be among his friends—never dreamed that, during his long hours in his studio in the Quartier Latin, Bettina was making Gallic whoopee in some other part of Paris. He never knew, for the simple reason that none of his friends would tell him, and for the additional reason that Bettina was always careful to be at the door of their apartment to greet him when he returned from his work each afternoon at four.

Came that awful afternoon when, under the spell of a gorgeous autumn sun, he threw down his brushes and kicked his paint-smeared smock into a corner.

"Don't feel like work," he said, glancing at his wrist watch, which showed that it was only half-past one. "An afternoon in the Bologney Woods—maybe a rowboat ride on the Lac Inferieur—would do us good. Bettina needs an outing, anyhow. Hang this picture!"

Twenty minutes later, a bus let him off at his corner, and in another minute he had fitted the key into the door of his apartment. With his hand upon the door handle, he halted. From within the apartment had come the sibilant whisper of—a man!

"What the—!"

It was unmistakable, though the whisper died half spoken.

Dumb David flung the door open and strode two paces into the room. Bettina, from the long couch, stared back at his stricken face with the fury of a tigress blazing in her black eyes. David's single glanced revealed as much of her lithely glamorous beauty as he had ever seen in all their two years of intimate association.

Then he swung about to face the man whose startled ejaculation had reached his ears as his key turned in the lock. He

had never laid eyes on the man before. Expensively dressed, the man gave every evidence of possessing wealth. His clothing was in disorder. His coat and waistcoat hung upon a chair, and his shoes were carelessly parked upon a small rug beside the heavy table of carved wood. He gazed back at Dumb David without a hint of apprehension in his manner.

"You're home early," he remarked easily, breaking the silence.

"Right," David croaked. "Right the first time. And you have explained everything in three words." His eyes traveled back to the unabashed Bettina. "I had thought you might like to go to the Bois de Bologne," he spoke slowly, gropingly. "Of course, I did not understand that you would be—er—busy." Scarcely knowing that he moved, he made a single step toward Bettina, whose blistering gaze had not for an instant left him.

Now she sprang to her feet. A slim, needle-like blade of steel appeared magically in her right hand as she faced him. in a half-crouch that more than hinted of her tigerish instinct.

"Get out—you—you *canaille!*" she sibilated her upper lip drawn into a sneer. "You might as well know it now—I'm through. Through wth you — you — *you Dumb David!*"

"That is evident," David spoke like a robot. "May I wish you happiness?" His voice was cynical, without emotion.

Without a glance at the man, who was slowly putting on his coat, David backed out of the room, closed the door, and mechanically locked it.

That was that, David groaned to himself as he descended again to the street. The sun was still shining—but he didn't notice it. He had got back to his studio before he began to be aware of his actions. God! Was that the way men acted when they—died? There was no other word that described the awful thing that had happened. He was dead. He was *dead.* His heart had simply been cut right out of his body.

David Graham was a strong man, not only physically, but in character. He knew that he was dead, yet he went on with his work. He slaved with his brushes, producing daubs that he didn't try to sell. Out of his agonized efforts he hoped to extract but one thing—the physical exhaustion that would bring relief from the spiritual wreckage of his life.

Slowly, the intensity of his pain subsided. He was able, after a time, to make mental images of pictures for his hands to put upon canvas. His work could not be performed, however, without a model, so he brought into the studio a new girl to replace the one whom he had released the day after the tragedy. The new model was all that a model needs to be. Young. Pretty—beautiful, if you please. Exquisitely molded, her smooth skin glowing with the tints that even the dead artistic soul of David longed to transfer to canvas.

More than that, Eileen Lang was an American, like himself. She was a student, to whom the pay for modeling meant additional schooling. Somehow, she guessed the reason for David's frenzied attacks upon the canvas. Unethically, she snatched peeps at his work when he wasn't looking. And she saw that, while he was faithfully reproducing, with the pigments, her radiant perfection of form, he was saturating it with all the roughness of a thug.

That hurt Eileen Lang—hurt deeply. The hurt was not because of the subject for which she posed, but because of the abyss in the artist's soul which his work revealed. Deliberately, she began a tenacious attempt to stir within his twisted mind something of the true character which she knew was merely sleeping there.

Gradually, her efforts bore fruit. No man of David Graham's years—he was only twenty-nine—can remain emotionally dead when there is constantly before him a woman who sets herself to please, to stir his every normal instinct. David Graham began to take notice of Eileen Lang. He allowed her to prepare meals for both of them, and almost in spite of himself, he began to eat them with real appreciation. She disapproved of the tangled heap of coverlets upon his bed in

a corner of the studio, and she began to make it a practice to straighten them out. She cleaned up the messes of things that she found everywhere each morning. And she took pains to keep her beauty constantly before David Graham's eyes, even when their work was finished for the day.

Though the spot where his heart had been was still empty, David Graham's body and mind responded to Eileen's undisguised attempts to quicken it. Dimly, he began to feel that he needed Eileen—that, if there never could be another woman to take the place of Bettina D'Auberge, he still needed the companionship, the sympathy, of some member of her sex.

Eileen knew exactly to what she was leading David Graham and herself. But she felt no fear of him—nor of herself. Her self-imposed martyrdom for the sake of his soul became, in brief time, a martyrdom for the sake of the love for him that was becoming more and more defined.

David Graham and Eileen Lang long since had put aside the relationship of artist and model for the more intimate one of man and woman—of real companions—when a gossipy fellow artist dropped in one morning at the studio.

"Bettina is still catching Americans," he remarked, after a long, perambulating review of non-consequential items. "I hear she is going to marry into the American Embassy—Gerrit Cleveland, you know."

"Eh?"

Eileen, instantly alert at mention of Bettina d'Auverge, saw the sudden tremor that went over David's body. She saw his fingers grip the brush until his knuckles turned white.

"Cleveland, you know," the gossip went on, rising to David's apparent interest, "is one of those wealthy cusses who go in for diplomacy as a stepping-stone to society."

"Yes—to be sure," David agreed, mastering his impulse to yell "Shut up!"

For several days after the gossip's visit, Eileen watched David's every move,

He allowed her to prepare the meals for the two of them

every expression his strong countenance. But he seemed to have forgotten the incident, exhibiting no signs of restiveness. Then Fate, having paved the way, played another card.

Eileen was ready to go out and David was smoking a last pipe, with a copy of the day's *Paris Herald* spread out on the table before him, when there was a ring at the door.

"A letter for you, sir," the uniformed caller handed the missive through the partly opened door. "Read it, sir, then come at once with me to the Hospital du Broca—the lady is in a critical condition, so please to hasten!"

Instinct informed the listening Eileen that "the lady" could be no one except Bettina d'Auberge. She drew her gown about her and came to David's side as he read the scrawling message, which was written in French. It was enclosed in an envelope with the address of the hospital in one corner and David Graham's name written in a strange hand. The note itself bore no superscription, but it was signed, "Bettina." That much Eileen saw at a glance.

She laid a steadying, comforting hand upon David's arm as his eyes drank in the meaning of the scrawl:

I am finished with life. You have deserted me, though I have never loved another. I cannot bear the memory of our happiness, which is gone forever. So, heart of my heart, I am finished with life. If you had only cared, had only taken me to America—all might have been changed. I shall always love you, though you love me not.

David tossed the letter upon the table and dived for his street apparel. Bravely withholding the tears that threatened to break forth at any instant, Eileen helped him. Then he was gone, the messenger panting to keep up with him.

Eileen sat down in David's chair and picked up the pipe, which he had laid down to answer the ring of the bell. She blinked her eyes resolutely, then yielded to the impulse to weep. After a time, she dried the tears on a corner of her gown and attempted to make sense out of the *Herald's* headlines. She couldn't go to bed—not with David at Bettin't side, holding Bettina's hands, perhaps holding Bettina in his strong arms. Amid the ruins of her castle of happy dreams, Eileen groped for something—anything—to ease the ache in her heart.

Absently, she picked at a corner of the *Herald.* Then a name — an American name—stabbed at her from the bottom of a closely-printed column. Gerrit Cleveland—Gerrit Cleveland. Who was Gerrit Cleveland? Remembrance came—Gerrit Cleveland, the American attache whom Bettina had planned to marry! What did the *Herald* have to say about him, anyway?

Announcement was made today of the engagement of Mlle. Vivienne, eldest daughter of Le Sieur de Lefebre, Deputy from the Arrondissement de Charonne, to the Hon. Gerrit Cleveland, attache of the American Embassy. It was also announced that Mr. Cleveland is slated for promotion to a more responsible position, with the American delegation at Geneva.

So? Gerrit Cleveland had jilted Bettina—if, indeed, he had ever been engaged to her. And Bettina had attempted suicide! Eileen picked up the letter which had dragged David away from her. A cold, reasoning calmness descended upon Eileen, and she saw clearly the whole truth of the situation.

Bettina had swallowed poison, or stabbed herself, or shot herself—the messenger had not particularized—not because David had gone out of her life, but because she could not have Gerrit Cleveland, the rich dawdler in diplomacy! She had written a farewell note, then, not to David Graham, but to Gerrit Cleveland! And poor David—he was even now on the way to the bedside of the woman who had nearly wrecked his life—hastening back, like a moth, to the flame that has seared its wings!

Well, there was nothing she could do—nothing she *would* do — to save David Graham from the shock that he was inviting. Eileen felt that she had done her level best—and failed. David Graham never could really belong to her. And, being a woman, she knew that the shallow Bettina *might* come to a quick recovery if and when she learned that David Graham was still in love with her. If David——

Miserably, Eileen got up from the table and went for a short walk, returning, she went into the bathroom. The tank was full of hot water, and she let the tub fill, tossing in a measure of the scented crystals that David had provided for her exclusive use. Then, putting off the dressing down, she got into the tub, grateful for the sedative effect of the soapy, scented water that laved her soft flesh and calmed her wearied nerves.

David Graham, almost running, reached the Hospital de Broca a full block ahead of the messenger who had come for him. He raced through the courtyard of the institution, threw open the door into the office and came up standing before the narrow grill above the desk.

Learning his object, the attendant summoned a nurse, and David propelled her as rapidly as his inherent courtesy allowed, along the tortuous corridors, to the door of a private room on an upper floor.

"You must pull yourself together," the nurse commanded, at the door. "Madame is—is resting quietly now, monsieur and you must not startle her."

"All right—I'll try," David agreed, earnestly. "Only—I must go in—at once."

The nurse smiled.

"She will not die," she declared. "They seldom do, you know. As soon as she recovers from the shock of the stomach pump, she will be as good as ever. I think she merely meant to frighten you, monsieur."

With that, David Graham entered the private room, restraining the mad eagerness of his heart to feel the responsive beating of the heart of this woman who once had been his own—who still was his own.

Bettina was resting, her face turned toward the door, her eyes closed. David stepped softly across the smooth floor. He sat down quietly in the chair beside Bettina's bed. A slim arm lay upon the coverlet, fingers clenched into a small fist. David slowly put forth a hand, lifted the small fist gently, and placed his lips against it.

At the contact, Bettina's eyes flew open. Had the nurse not placed restraining hands upon her shoulders, Bettina would have sat erect. David leaned forward pleadingly.

"Be quiet, dear," he begged. "It is only David."

Bettina struggled in the grip of the nurse, snatching her fist out of David's hand as though his touch were a tongue of fire. Then, realizing that she could not match strength with the nurse, she slowly subsided. David again leaned toward her, and her slim arm struck out viciously at his face.

"Get away from me—David!" she screamed. "Get away—quick! You cannot gloat at me—I'll scratch your eyes out!"

With a sudden wicked thrust of her elbow, she sent the nurse staggering backward, and was sitting up before the latter recovered.

"Honey—Bettina dear," David's voice was hungry, soft. He believed that the girl was delirious, needed something. "You sent for me, dear—don't you remember your note?"

Bettina stared at him, her dark eyes still storming, her hands clenched. The nurse was again trying to get her to lie down, but without success.

"You are insane!" Bettina shouted. "I never sent for you—you idiot! I hate you—I have always, always hated you! Always! Do you understand—hated you! Yes you fed me, and clothed me—and took me for granted. But I hated you all the time—*all the time!*"

"But—Bettina, listen—didn't you write that—that farewell note, before you—"

Bettina's amazement was real. Even David now realized that Bettina was not delirious, that she knew exactly what she had said. She stared wordlessly at him for a long instant, the blazing abhorrence slowly dying out of her eyes. Then she laughed, not pleasantly, but with the harshness of a rasp rubbed against a metal more brittle.

"I — write *you* a note?" she laughed

Eileen went for a short walk

again, and David shuddered. "I did write a note—but it was to Gerrit—" she stopped. "And he was a beast, too—a liar, a——"

Slowly David Graham passed a dry hand across his forehead. Back, across his eyes. His vision seemed to clear. When he looked again at Bettina, he saw her in a different light. How could he ever have imagined that this — *this* — that Bettina was the one woman in all the world for him? How could he have believed in such a monstrous thing?

"I'm sorry, Bettina," he rose slowly, laid a hand upon her small fist in a quick, impulsive gesture. "I'm sorry—for all of us."

Then he turned and left the room, waiting a moment while the nurse rearranged the pillows under Bettina's head. When the woman rejoined him, he walked slowly with her back to the office, then out into the night.

His vision was still clear, and with the chapter of Bettina thus finally closed, he strode eagerly, determinedly, toward the studio where another woman—a real woman—an American, too, like himself—would be waiting for him. At thought of Eileen, he increased his pace.

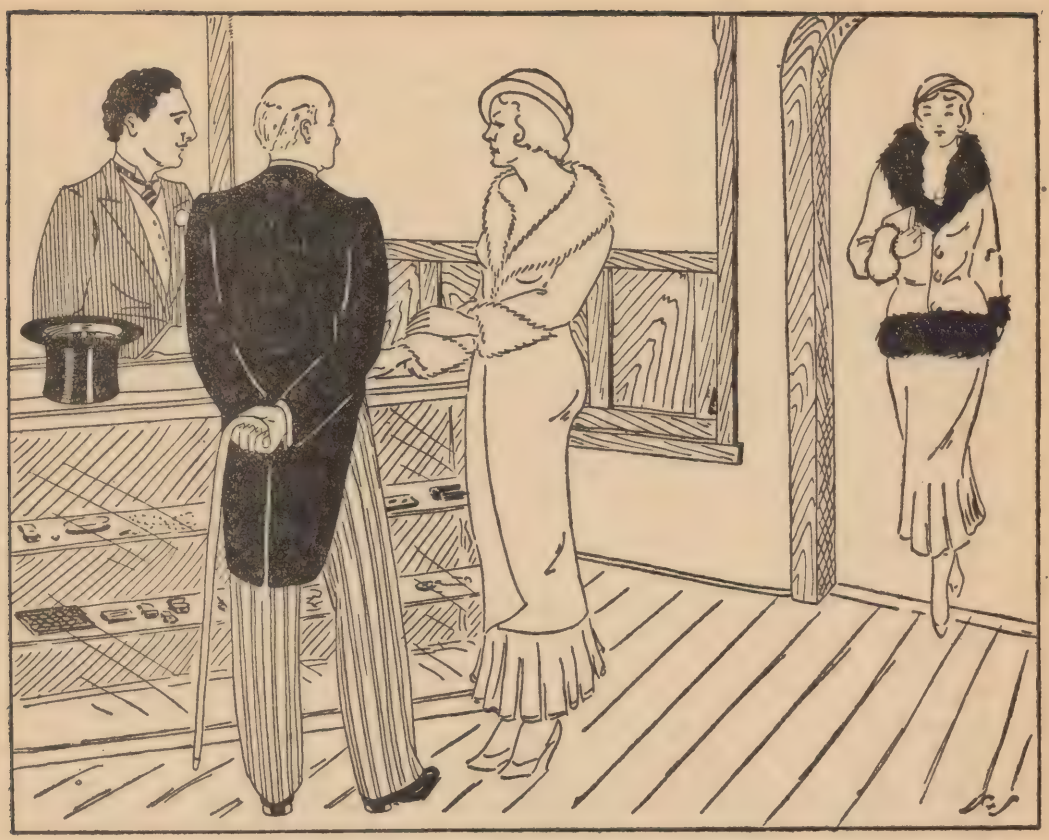
Eileen, after a good twenty minutes in the scented, soothing water, clambered out upon the tiled floor and rubbed her body with a rough towel that brought a vivid blush to her velvety skin. When she was satisfied that she was perfectly dry, she brushed her body with the huge powder puff that always amused David when she used it.

Then she started to put on the dressing gown, but stopped.

"What's the use?" she asked, pathetically. "There's only me to see myself—*he* won't come back tonight." So she went slowly out into the studio, paused beside the table to touch the smelly pipe that he loved so dearly, then on into the alcove, to the bed, fighting off the forlorn, forsaken feeling that was eating at her heart——

And all the while, now, David Graham was coming nearer and nearer—to the *one woman* of his life!

A LITTLE OFF COLOR



Flora turned eagerly toward the ring tray

Making Mimi

It nearly cost Henri an expensive ring when his wife surprised him — but Mimi finally got it herself!

By ROBERT DU BOIS

EVER and anon the vibrant breeze of a spring night—marvelous as only one can be in Paris—drifted into the elegant living room of little Mimi's apartment, gently swaying the gayly colored curtains to and fro. Monsieur Henri Coudrille watched them indolently, his whole being apurr with rapturous contentment.

Henri was no doubt justified in feeling so beatific. The dazzing Mimi was on his lap and was graciously offering him alternately a sip from her glass of champagne then a kiss. Henri's avid eyes were afforded glimpses occasionally of pinkish areas revealed apparently quite by accident by the slithery movements of her dainty, filmy negligee. The glimpses didn't do his blood pressure a bit of good.

Now, there would undoubtedly not have been anything especially intriguing in this amorous scene had Mimi and Henri been man and wife, but as it happens they were not. In fact, Henri had a very much alive better half and was brazenly cheating on her.

But Monsieur Henri Coudrille, though middle-aged, rotund and almost bald, had ideas that fairly effervesced with zest for the charm of youth, especially if it took the form—indeed, Henri was a connoiseur in

that sort of form—of about a hundred and twenty-five pounds of sprightly feminine pulchritude. This, alas, the wife of his bosom, Flora, was unable to supply, for she was of elephantine proportions and acidulous of disposition.

His discovery of Mimi had been like the finding of some rare, beautiful blossom in an arid desert, a panacea for his love-starved heart. Mimi took life pretty much as it came to her, and sometimes she endeavored to grab even more than her share of it.

Her disposition and looks were in perfect harmony; she reminded one of a dew-drenched jonquil and was as frivolous as a pet kitten. One coquettish look from her deep blue, heavily fringed eyes generally laid her male victims at her feet, begging for mere crumbs of love. Mimi knew men thoroughly. She should have; she was the star dancer in one of the de luxe cabarets in the dizziest Parisian whoopee area.

"It is getting late, mon petit coeur, and you must leave so that Mimi can get some sleep," Mimi now said, filliping Henri's purplish cheek with slender, coral-tipped fingers. "I shall appear all haggard at the cabaret tomorrow night if you keep me up any longer. And, besides, the fare for that waiting taxi will be frightful!"

Monsieur Henri had ideas

A puff of zestful breeze from the window invaded Henri's nostrils, somehow injecting something hotly stirring into his veins. Ah, well, it was, after all, spring, that delightful season of amorous folly.

"Too late to send an adoring slave like me home, then, isn't it, Mimi darling?" he breathed against the warm, creamy curve of Mimi's neck.

"Naughty, naughty!" Mimi chided, slipping off his lap and lighting a cigarette.

Henri, crafty old campaigner for women's love that he was, realized that he had been too hasty. Delectable little morsels like Mimi had to be won around by gifts, precious jewels, for instance.

"If my little Mimi will meet me at Logeau's, the jeweler, tomorrow morning, I shall be delighted to have her select one of his finest rings," he proposed. "At ten-thirty, shall we say, ma precieuse?"

"Magnifique!" chortled Mimi, clapping her little hands like a child in her delight. "And a great big kiss, here it is for my big, handsome Henri!"

Henri came up gasping from the ardor of her caress. In fact, so inflamed was he with youthful ideas that it took all of Mimi's artifice and wile to get him out of the apartment. He stumbled love-blinded, into a taxi and was driven home in an aura of pink and mauve clouds sprayed with heavy incense.

Next morning, at the appointed time, Henri entered the ornate establishment of Monsieur Logeau, the bijoutier. He was humming a fragment of risque chanson he had heard at the Opera Comique several nights before. It was a great old world, and he was exactly the gay boulevardier to enjoy it to the utmost!

When Mimi was ten minutes late, he asked Logeau to display his rings to him. He would amuse himself in this manner until she arrived, he thought. Finally he selected a gorgeous cluster of diamonds and

held it up to revel in its scintillant dazzle.

"Ah, there, Monsieur Logeau, is something worthy of adorning the finger of the sweetest, loveliest girl on earth, n'est-ce pas?" he cried enthusiastically. "I shall plead with her to select this one."

The sound of light, staccato footsteps at the door interrupted him. He turned, started imperceptibly, then grew pale. Flora, his corpulent wife, stood there facing him! Undoubtedly she had heard his indiscreet statement!

"I had intended to surprise you with this little gift, cherie, but I may as well present it to you now as later. Let Monsieur Logeau fit you with your size," he said grandieloquently, thereby proving that he was a quick thinker as well as a past master in the gentle art of cheating in affairs of love.

"Oh, Henri, for me! How sweet of you!" Flora chirped, turning eagerly toward the ring tray.

Henri shrugged his meticulously tailored shoulders in a gesture of assumed indifference, but turned agonized eyes toward the entrance. Suppose Mimi, who hadn't even seen Flora and so didn't know her, came in and let the cat out of the bag! Diable!

A few moments later, she tripped in, ravishingly pretty in a dress of green that rivalled the spring foliage in delicacy of tint. Henri made frantic if surreptitious motions for her to remain silent and indicated his wife warningly. Mimi nodded understandingly and sauntered nonchalantly toward a display case of wrist watches. Henri wiped his brow relievedly. Dieu, what a narrow escape!

As he walked out with his beaming wife some time later, Henri was swearing fervidly to himself. His wife's unexpected appearance at Logeau's had cost him a deplorably large slice of the allowance Flora had agreed to give him. For Flora was Henri's meal ticket, pure and simple, she in turn being supplied with an enormous income by a cranky old millionaire uncle who had lost his wife through divorce, and therefore hated it like poison.

The following afternoon, as soon as Mimi had roused herself from the daytime slumber her work at the cabaret necessitated and had transformed herself into a dazzling, perfumed houri, Henri telephoned, pleading to see her. An amused smile curving her poinsettia red lips, Mimi consented.

At Henri's entrance, she slid into his arms, a giggling little bundle of temptation. Ignoring her merriment, Henri feasted hungrily on the soft, warm curve of her throat, the low opening of her negligee at her girlish breasts, then to the scarlet delight of her lips.

"You mustn't be angry, Henri, mon gros baby, but Mimi must laugh!" she bubbled. "You looked so funny, so scared to death at the bijoutier's, trying to warn me that the fat lady was your wife!"

"What a piece of miserable bad luck for her to happen along at just that moment! Ciel, as a result, I had to make her a present of the ring I had intended giving you! But Logeau has lots of others, n'est-ce pas? Eh bien, tomorrow you will meet me at the same time and we shall try it again!" Henri offered grandly.

"It is getting late, mon petit coeur"

Mimi's slim young body rested heavily against him, and she gave him her lips unrestrainingly in her exuberant gratitude. "Mon cher!" she breathed, a wanton promise in her low-lidded eyes.

It was almost impossible to induce Henri to leave the apartment this time. But finally Mimi closed the outer door behind him and sank wearily on a divan. But there was a hint of smoldering fire in her eyes, too.

At Logeau's the following day, Henri was informed by a dapper clerk that the jeweler was at the rear in his living quarters and would soon return. While waiting, Henri fell to contemplating with appreciative eyes a little ivory statuette of a nude girl.

Presently his figure stiffened to attention as he listened intently. A moment later, unobserved by the clerk, he edged toward the door leading into Monsieur Logeau's living quarters, which was slightly ajar, opened it wide and boldy invaded the jeweler's private sanctum.

Some fifteen minutes later, Mimi and Henri were standing on one side of the glittering ring counter, while Logeau occupied the opposite side. Logeau's features were pale and worried, while Henri's were smugly triumphant.

"The finest ring in your shop, Logeau," he ordered crisply. "Nothing is too good for my little Mimi!"

Logeau served them with an abject humility strange in the usually proud, dandified dealer in rare gems.

As soon as they reached the trottoir, Mimi stopped short in her tracks and faced Henri perplexedly.

"But, ciel, I do not understand!" she pointed out. "You did not pay M'sieu Logeau for the ring! He gave it to me!"

Henri grinned expansively. "And I have more good news for you, ma petite!" he divulged joyously. "My allowance, it has been raised to five times the former amount! Think of what wonderful times we shall have together! Vive le plaisir!"

"You had better explain before I perish of curiosity!"

"I recognized my wife's voice back in Logeau's living quarters and when I sneaked in, the scene I beheld was enough to furnish any man grounds for divorce. But if I divorce Flora, her rich uncle will disinherit her. So I made my terms—lots more allowance. As to Logeau, the canaille, he was only too glad to give you his whole establishment!"

Mimi indicated that he was to lean closer to her vivid lips. "Henri, mon gros baby, tonight you may take me home from the cabaret," she said softly. "And when we get there, you may—dismiss the taxi!"

And then Henri did a rather bold thing, even when the laissez faire atmosphere of the Parisian boulevards is taken into consideration. His lips darted down to Mimi's and remained welded to hers for a long time.

Ah, well, spring is the season for amorous folly!

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"Billy, I've got just one dress that's fit to wear and mother says that I must wear it or nothing, and I positively refuse to wear it."

"Oh, boy! Will you go to the dance with me tonight?"

ON THE LEVEL

Sambo: "What's dat unda' yo' eye?"

Shoeshine Sam: "Dat's shoe polish."

Sambo: "How'd yo' get it?"

Shoeshine Sam: "My gal kicked me dere while Ah was shining her shoes!"

* * *

SIGHTS

Moby: "I hear that you and the leading lady are on the outs."

Dick: "Yeah, it was one of those quick change scenes with the stage all dark. She asked for her tights and I thought she said lights."

* * *

SHE WOULDN'T LIKE IT

"That was a terrible old hag I saw you with last night."

"Well, don't tell my wife."

"She didn't know about it, eh?"

"Oh, yes; she was the woman."

* * *

DA, DA, DA . . .

Teacher: "Peggy, can you explain what is meant by the word 'unaware'?"

Li'l Peggy: "Yes, 'unaware' is what you take off just before you put on your nightie."

* * *

THE WOMAN SCORNED

The burglar crept up the fire escape, oozed through the window into her small apartment, flashed his torch over her shapely feminine form lying there on the bed, then lifted her purse off the bureau.

The beautiful head rolled on the pillow. "Oh, darling!" she murmured in dreamland.

And then the burglar left her flat.

* * *

REAL AFFECTION

Little Girl: "The neighbor's new dog likes me."

Mother: "What makes you think that?"

Little Girl: "'Cause he smelt me and tasted me and then he wagged his tail."

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Daughter: "You're wrong, Daddy. He sells bonds."

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A WHIPPING DUE

Grocer (being genial to a new customer): "And how old is the little boy with you there?"

"He's just four and a half," said the mother.

"And Mother is just forty," piped up the little boy, so that all the people in the store heard.

* * *

SCHOOLIN'

Rastus: "Dat chile ob yourn am mighty slow learnin' at school. How does yo all account foh dat?"

Ephraime: "Well, de school am two miles fum heah an' dat chile forgits all de teacher tells him 'fore he gits halfway home."

REASON FOR MOVEMENT

Phidias: "What makes Cleopatra so fidgety?"

Pericles: "One of the clocks in her new pair of stockings has started to run."

* * *

ANOTHER LAST DROP

"Do you think an areoplane pilot ought to drink hard liquor?"

"Well, there's always the chance he may take a drop too much."

* * *

SAME ATTRACTION

Mrs. Cohen: "So your son, Izzy, has got eyes lake his fodder?"

Mrs. Ginsberg: "Yes, they is always looking at girls' legs!"

* * *

SECOND OFFENSE

Husband (to man in wife's closet): "Say, haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

Quaking Victim: "W-w-well, I knew your first wife!"

* * *

MAGICIAN EXPOSED

He: "I once saw a magician change a worm into a fish dinner."

She: "How did he do that?"

He: "Oh, he just threw the worm into a fish bowl."

* * *

NUDISM BARRED

He: "Now there goes a fellow who will not tolerate nudism on the streets."

She: "An officer of the law, eh?"

He: "No, a tailor."

* * *

NATURE IN THE RAW

Alfred (after kissing her): "I-I-I'm sorry! I guess it was the beast in me."

Aggie (mad): "Guess again. No beast could be that tame!"

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JUST STARTED

Clerk (filling out birth certificate): "Let's see, this is the fourteenth, isn't it?"

Mother: "Goodness, No! Only the sixth."

* * *

FEW ASSETS

"Strip poker isn't any fun any more."

"No, when a girl loses a couple of hands, the game's all over."

* * *

DIFFICULTIES

"Did you enjoy the ride last night with Jack in his new car?"

"Oh, yes, but there was something wrong with his clutch."

* * *

BLACK ACES

Ephraime: "I believe in calling a spade a spade."

Rastus: "I believe it's the safest policy myself. I once tried to pass off a spade as a club, and I got two fingers shot off."

* * *

METICULOUS

"Jack is very fussy about his grammar."

"Why, is he afraid someone'll marry her for her money?"

'Marry who?"

"His grandma."

* * *

A "BEACH" NUT

The Teacher: "Now, William, I'm going to let you answer one. How would you describe an oyster?"

William: "I can answer that all right. An oyster is a fish built like a nut."

* * *

HEH! HEH!

Cityman: "I suppose you hatch all your chickens yourself?"

Countryman: "No, we let the hens and incubators do that."

FISH!

Bum: "Could you help a starving man, lady?"

Lady. "Do you like fish?"

Bum: "Yes, ma'am."

Lady: "Then come back Friday."

* * *

HARD ON THE WEAPON

Farmer to Hunter: "Why don't you fire at those wild geese when they fly over the river?"

Hunter: "I don't like to strain my gun by shooting at things so far away."

* * *

WHAT HE ASKED FOR

Fuller: "I told the cook to prepare the fowl so that it would tickle my palate."

Brush: "Did she obey?"

Fuller: "Yes; she left half the feathers on."

* * *

MISTAKEN

"Does the woman live in this apartment who has the handsome new husband?"

"No, the one with the bay window."

* * *

A BAD CHARACTER

Waiter: "Why don't you like that college pudding?"

Diner: "I'm afraid there's an egg in it that ought to have been expelled."

* * *

A SHOCK!

First Cluck: "What's the matter with Mrs. White Leghorn?"

Second Cluck: "Shell shock! She set on some eggs and ducks came out of 'em."

* * *

NUTTSYFAGAN

Boy: "I'd like a cent's worth of nuts."

Grocer: "All right, what kind of nuts? We have all kinds."

Boy: "Well, you might throw in a few cocoanuts—they're my favorite nut."

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This new book shows the human body with each aspect of its structure in separate sections; the exact position of all organs, every bone, muscle, vein, artery, etc.

LIST OF PLATES

Plate I. Nude Adult Female
" II. Nude Adult Male
" III. Nervous System of Female
" IV. Skeletal System
" V. Muscular System (Posterior)
" VI. Muscular System (Anterior)
" VII. Vascular System
" VIII. Respiratory System
" IX. Digestive System
" X. Male Genital Organs in Detail
" XI. Female Genital Organs in Detail
" XII. Cross-Section of Pregnant Female Body with Child

All plates (one foot high) are printed in actual natural colors.

Thus far, plates such as those presented here have been so high in price as to be inaccessible to the general public. Our plan in selling these charts is to make them available to every adult person.

The book is 14 inches high and 6½ inches wide. It contains twelve full-page color plates and twelve text pages illustrated with fifty photographs and drawings, made from actual photographs, and all organs and parts of the human body—male and female—are shown in great detail in natural colors.

Opposite each page, an explanatory text is provided, and this is in turn illustrated with photographs and drawings to show in detail the different organs and other features of the human body. The book is especially recommended for the use of nurses, art students, to lawyers for use in litigations, lecturers, physical culturists, hospitals, sanitariums, schools, colleges, gymnasiums, life insurance companies, employee's health departments, etc.

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VALUABLE DIFFERENCE

Teacher: "What is the difference, Willie, between electricity and lightning?"

Willie: "You don't have to pay for lightning."

* * *

DO YOU?

"Do you believe that absence makes the heart grow fonder?"

"Yes, but presents are a lot better."

* * *

WASTE OF MATERIAL

Johnny: "We had raisin pie for dinner last night and dad was awfully mad."

Herb: "What's the matter? Doesn't he like raisin pie?"

Johnny: "No, that wasn't it; but he had bought the raisins to make some wine."

* * *

STARVATION DINNER

"How did you like the banquet last night?"

"Not so good."

"Wasn't the food all right?"

"Yes, excellent—but I sat next to a cross-eyed lady, and she ate off my plate all the time."

* * *

LETTING HIM IN ON THE SECRET

First Hoofer: "Did you tell anybody of your secret marriage?"

Second Hoofer: "No; I'm waiting for my husband to sober up—I want him to be the first to know."

* * *

THOSE ELUSIVE BILLS

"Did anybody drop a roll of bills with a rubber band around them?" asked an old gentleman in the trolley car.

"Here," "I did," "Me," came a volley of voices.

"Well, I just picked up the rubber band," said the old gentleman calmly.

* * *

ONE OF THE COMMON VARIETY

Irate Diner: "What's this in my soup?"

Nonchalant Waiter: "Don't ask me, sir. I don't know one insect from another."

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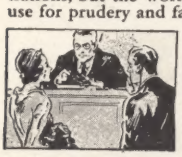

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Normal, sex-suited young people are torn apart because they lack sex knowledge.

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- The Sexual Embrace
- Secrets of the Honeymoon
- Mistakes of Early Marriage
- Homosexuality
- Venereal Diseases
- How to Regain Virility
- Sexual Starvation
- Glands and Sex Instinct
- To Gain Greater Delight
- The Truth About Abuse

WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW

- Joys of Perfect Mating
- What to Allow a Lover to do
- Intimate Feminine Hygiene
- Prostitution
- Birth Control Chart
- How to Attract and Hold Men
- Sexual Slavery of Women
- Essentials of Happy Marriage
- The Sex Organs

Knowledge is the basis of the perfect, satisfying love-life. Step out of the darkness into the sunlight . . . end ignorance, fear and danger today! Money back at once if you are not completely satisfied!

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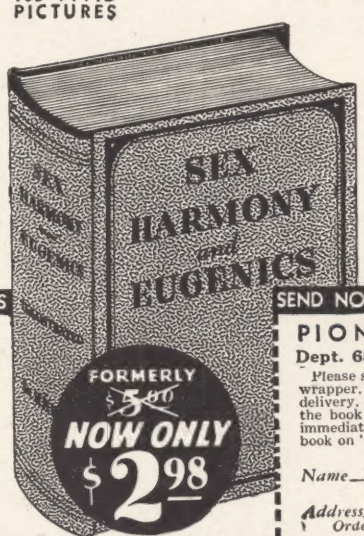
106 VIVID PICTURES



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